



66 ILLUSTRATED PAGES OF TERROR AND SUSPENSE

**EERIE**  
#33

MAY/71

# EERIE

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC 60¢



**starvisions** A TALE OF TWO EARTHMEN AND A...?



# EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY

GREETINGS, **BRAVE BEASTS!** YOU'RE IN FOR A TREAT AS WE GO TO ANCIENT **CRETE** FOR A FOUL FIELD TRIP THROUGH A **LURID LABYRINTH!** EXCUSE ME WHILE I TAKE THE BULL BY THE HORNS AND INTRODUCE YOU TO...

## THE MINOTAUR!



OF ALL THE CREATURES IN GREEK MYTHOLOGY, NONE WERE MORE MONSTEROUS THAN THE **MINOTAUR!** AN AWESOME FREAK OF NATURE, HALF BULL, HALF HUMAN, HE WAS IMPRISONED IN A LABYRINTH BY MINOS, THE RULER OF CRETE.

EVERY NINE YEARS, FOURTEEN YOUTHS AND MAIDENS WERE SENT INTO THE LABYRINTH AS A SACRIFICE! THIS RITUAL CONTINUED UNTIL THE MONSTER WAS SLAIN BY THE ATHENIAN HERO, THESEUS.

CLIF JACKSON



# EERIE

MAY, 1971

NO. 33

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 STEVE SKEATES, LARRY TODD, MARVIN WOLFMAN



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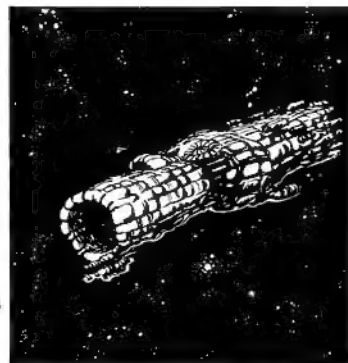
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# DEAR COUSIN EERIE



I read all of your books and loved them madly. Recently I read issue #31 of Eerie and the best stories were, "Lady In Ice", "The Drop", "The Devil's Hand" and "Alien Plague". I absolutely disagree with Joe Albertson about having color in your books. It would make it less exciting and not as frightening. Please don't ever change your books.

**KIM ALLMON**  
N. Eastham, Mass.



If we do change, Kim ... it'll be for the better.

First of all I would like to tell you how much I enjoyed issue #31. The best story in it was "Alien Plague", written and illustrated by Billy Graham. I think that he is your most valuable artist. I consider ish #31 the best mag I've ever read. Incidentally, I noticed the words "made in Japan" on St. Georges sword. (page 23, panel 5). That's the kind of things I like in stories. Unusualness. I also liked the story "Beast In The Swamp" in one of your earlier issues. That was the greatest so far this year.

**TONY PEREZ**  
Santurce, P.R.



You're the only one mentioning that you noticed that made in Japan sword. We've got lot's more unusual things in the works, Tony. Watch for 'em. Some'll make ya flip.

Pertaining to the story "Alien Plague", the only thing that seemed to recur was me reading the story again and again to understand it.

## "The cover of Eerie 31 was OUT-A-SIGHT !!!"



Above left is cover painting by staff artist, Richard Corben (for Eerie #31, scripted by staff writer, Buddy Saunders). Illustrations for story by Tom Sutton (above right) was highly praised judging from bulk of mail received. One fan, (see letter below) praised most stories of that issue, but "Point of View" was his favorite.

Eerie #31 was a great ish. Because of the many great stories "Lady In Ice", "The Oasis", and "The Alien Plague". Along side of these should be placed "Point of View", one of the greatest science fiction stories I've seen in a long time. It was great! Just GREAT! This classic piece of writing and artwork (complimented by a great cover by Dick Corben) deserves the "Hugo" award. If you think about it, the story is very, very true. People, and probably aliens think that way.

**STEPHEN DARNER** Bronx, N.Y.

By the way, why did you drop Mike Alifiri's name from the picture of his published on the fan page? He lives only a few blocks from me and I saw the letter he wrote to accompany his picture and he did include his name and address, so why say he didn't? The picture I refer to is in the upper left-hand corner of page 55 in Eerie #31.

**RANDY PALMER**  
Arlington, Va.



Opp's ... Sorry about that, Randy. Mike Alifiri's letter could have been misplaced in the handling of the mail. But you must admit, when a fan has talent it should be exposed, as we did in printing his drawing hoping someone would write in to identify the artist. Our thanks to you Randy, ole' boy, for recognizing your talented friend's work.

About the Alien Plague, all that night I kept dreaming I was attacked, killed and kept coming back to life every fifteen minutes ... as a staple.

I am an on and off reader of your magazines, Creepy and Eerie, but decided that the thirty-first issue of the latter publication deserved some comment. It was fair, as stories and art went, but very poor in the amount of good plots you set up and how many of them you blew.

Here is a list of the stories in order of the best plots; Point of View, The Oasis, Killer Slime, The Alien Plague, Lady In Ice, The Drop, and The Devil's Hand. These last three were hard to rate because they were all so bad.

Tom Sutton's work in Point of View was definitely the best art, with Billy Graham and Carlos Garzon following pretty far behind. All in all, the first two stories on that list above rated B or B plus, while Killer Slime and The Alien Plague should get a generous C plus. The final three—well, F is being too merciful, but there is nothing lower.

Keep Tom Sutton busy 'cause he's a genius.

**JOHN OSTAPKOVICH**  
Huntingdon Valley, Pa.

Eerie #31 was super. The cover was OUT-A-SIGHT! The first story, "Point Of View" was great. You had a story by the same name in ish #21. "The Drop" wasn't so hot. You have too many stories like that. "The Devil's Hand" was sharp. Bill Dubay did a nice job on it. I liked "The Alien Plague" best of all. (Imagine finding an Eerie book in space.) "The Oasis" was good, that's all, just 'good'. "The Spides" was cool. But the best written story was "The Lady In Ice". Nicola Cuti sure can write. I think he's one of the best writers you have on your staff. Frank Bolle's interpretation of Cuti's stories are just terrific. His art work seemed to have improved since Eerie #17. "The Killer Slime" was too dull. This issue was so good, I can't wait for Eerie #32.

**JOE HAMMELL**  
Trenton, N.J.



Don't wait, Joe. Send for a subscription. That way you can be the first on your block to boast of how great MY MAG is.

# "I was stuck by a staple from 'The Alien Plague'!!!"

I've just finished writing a letter to Creepy (his latest issue) and now I'm writing to you hoping it will make the fan pages in time for Eerie #33. This is my plea. Please don't make mistakes like in Creepy #37. I have always been, no matter what, a Creepy and Eerie fan, and will always continue to be one... one of your biggest. One other thing, please cut out so much science fiction. I am completely opposed to science fiction in a horror magazine. You say at the top of your mags, "First Magazine of Illustrated Horror" so please stay true to your words. As for all the stories where the monster loses, like in those corny Frankenstein movies, the effect and impact is completely lost, old hat, and outdated. What's happening now is, a lot of young kids are turning to drugs to escape reality. I don't take drugs, but to occasionally escape from it all, I take a dose of HORROR from the leading horror magazines of them all, Creepy, Eerie and Vampirella. But lately, your horror drug is losing all effect by adding murder stories or science fiction. You're falling down to the level of those other cheap mags. I ask all readers who agree or oppose me to write, because this is our mag, made for us. We like your mags and we all feel concerned as to how you turn them out. So please, PLEASE keep turning out the best.

LARRY SWICHARD  
Hagerstown, Md.

I'd like to hear the comments I'm sure you're going to receive on this letter, Larry m'boy. I'll tell you this tho... as long as there's some fraction of horror, supernatural, or fantasy in our stories, it doesn't really matter if it centers around the past, the present, or the future. What about the rest of you horror fans out there? Do you agree, or disagree?

First of all I'd like to say I enjoyed issue #31. I plan to send some of my artwork and stories in to your magazines, hoping they'll be printed in your fan pages. Hope you and your fans will enjoy them as much as I did in doing them.

PETEY DAVIS  
Philadelphia, Pa.

By all means, Petey, send in your work.



Mark Giglione of Mandeville, La., wanted to know how our contributing editor Nicola Cuti, derived the name 'OCTOBER WEIR', a private investigator of the supernatural. Above is pictured a scene of Mr. Weir as illustrated by staff artist Frank Bolle.

I would like to know if Nicola Cuti derived the name "October Weir" (the latest continuing character in a series, etc. "Mirror, Mirror" #30, "Lady In Ice" #31) from the Edgar Allen Poe poem "ULALUME" where the words 'October' and 'Weir' are mentioned many times. Please inform me if I'm the first to make this observation.

MARK GIGLIONE  
Mandeville, La.

Yes, Mark m'boy... you are the first to make this observation. Ole Nick Cuti, the writer of the October Weir series, told me himself that the name Weir derived from his driving through a small New England town one snowy night in October trying to think up a name for a new character he was writing about. Recalling the many stories and poem's of his favorite's one of which happened to be E. A. Poe, he suddenly noticed the name of the town he was passing through... the town of Weir (which seemed to be a wierd name for a town... unless the 'd' on the end of the name had worn away). So he decided if it was wierd enough to be the name of a town, it was 'Wier' for the character in his story. So help me, it's true. (Wierd isn't it?)

I was reading your magazine (Eerie #31) specifically THE ALIEN PLAGUE, when I came upon the center spread and two staples were appropriately placed in the same ole position holding the book together, which I thought nothing of until I looked a little closer. One was rather oddly protruding. I dislike protruding staples so I proceeded to push it back when, it cut into my finger. My first intent was to sue your magazine. But now I realize the full extent of my discovery. I write this letter as a warning to unwary readers who may have already discovered my unfortunate find. In spite of that, I enjoyed the magazine.

WAYNE CARTER  
Silver Spring, Md.

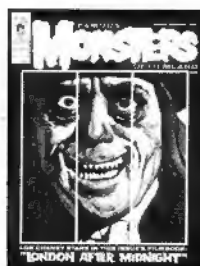
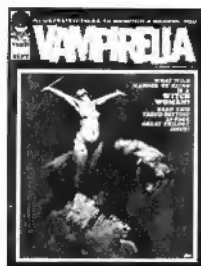
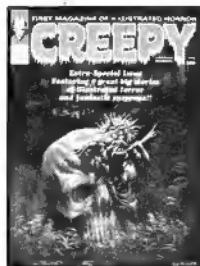
Our magazines just seem to STICK to our fans. Sorry about your misfortune, Wayne... but we were just trying to make an impression. Get the point?

## WRITE US!

Let us hear from you!  
All comments are wanted!  
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GOT YOUR PASSPORT AND SHOT RECORDS, TERROR TRAVELERS? YOU MAY NEED THEM...AS WELL AS A FIRM GRIP ON YOUR SANITY...AS WE TAKE...



# A TRIP IN TIME!

HIS TASK WAS AT LAST COMPLETED! HE STEPPED BACK TO ADMIRE HIS HANDIWORK, AND HOPED AND PRAYED THAT THE MACHINE WOULD WORK! IT COMPLIED WITH ALL THE THEORIES! IT HAD TO WORK!

NOW ALL THAT REMAINED WAS TO TEST IT! OTHER MEN OF HIS ERA, HIS FELLOW SCIENTISTS, WARNED HIM NOT TO BUILD SUCH A MACHINE... IT WAS TOO DANGEROUS! AND ABOVE ALL, NOT TO TEST IT! BUT THEY WERE FRIGHTENED LITTLE MEN, NOT TRUE SCIENTIST AT ALL...



HE CLOSED THE HATCH, SEALING HIMSELF IN... AND SET THE CONTROLS...

THE *PREHISTORIC* TIMES! THEY HAVE ALWAYS *FASCINATED* ME! IT'S THERE THAT I'LL HEAD!

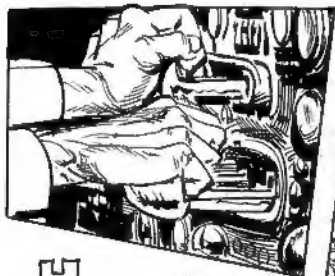


ART BY JACK SPARLING/STORY BY STEVE SKEATES

HE TWISTED A FEW MORE DIALS, THREW A FEW MORE SWITCHES, AND THEN THE MACHINE BEGAN TO SHAKE...

AND SUDDENLY, A STRANGE RISING SENSATION CAME OVER HIM, AS THE MACHINE FLEW UP INTO ANOTHER PLANE OF EXISTENCE...

NEXT THING HE KNEW, HE WAS FLOATING THROUGH SPACE, FLOATING BACK THROUGH THE ANNALS OF TIME...



HE LOOKED OUT AND COULD SEE BELOW HIM THE EARTH, ITS CONTINENTS SLOWLY CHANGING IN SHAPE...

IT *WORKS!*  
I'M TRAVELING  
THROUGH  
*TIME!*

SOON  
I SHALL  
BE THE FIRST  
MAN OF THE  
22ND CENTURY  
EVER TO VISIT  
PREHISTORIC  
AGES!

HE RELAXED THEN, SAT BACK AND LAUGHED A BIT, AS HE THOUGHT ABOUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED OVER A YEAR AGO... THOUGHT ABOUT THE CONVERSATION HE HAD HAD WITH ANOTHER SCIENTIST...

BUT YOU'VE  
GOT TO HELP ME!  
YOU'RE OUR MOST  
RESPECTED  
SCIENTIST!

I'M SURE  
MY THEORIES  
ARE CORRECT!  
BUT I NEED HELP  
WITH THE *APPLICATION!* THAT'S WHY  
I'VE COME TO YOU

NO!  
NO!!  
THIS IS  
MAD-  
NESS!



DO YOU TAKE ME FOR A FOOL? TAMPERING WITH **TIME** IS DANGEROUS... **FAR** TOO DANGEROUS!

BUT, SIR--



**NO! I REFUSE** TO LISTEN TO ANY MORE! JUST GET OUT OF HERE **NOW!**

AND IF I **EVER** AGAIN HEAR ABOUT YOU TRYING TO CREATE A TIME MACHINE, I'LL HAVE YOU **ARRESTED!**

I **SWEAR** I WILL!



DON'T YOU REALIZE WHAT **TROUBLE** YOU COULD CAUSE BY GOING INTO THE PAST?

WHAT IF YOU ACCIDENTALLY **KILLED** SOMEONE IMPORTANT?



AND SO, HE HAD LEFT...

THAT OLD **FRIGHTENED FOOL!** HOW CAN HE CALL HIMSELF A **SCIENTIST?**



YOU WOULD CHANGE THE **WHOLE COURSE OF HISTORY!** AND THE WORLD AS WE NOW KNOW IT WOULD **NO LONGER EXIST!**

BUT--



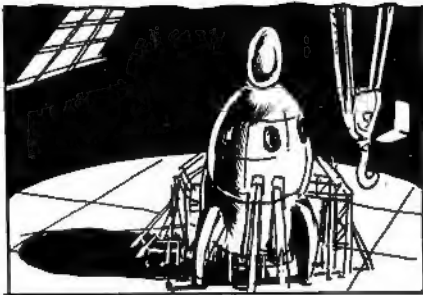
SO HE THINKS THE COURSE OF HISTORY MIGHT BE **CHANGED!** **BIG DEAL!**

HE COULD BE **WRONG!** MAYBE HISTORY IS EVEN ORDERED IN SUCH A WAY THAT THINGS **CAN'T** BE CHANGED!

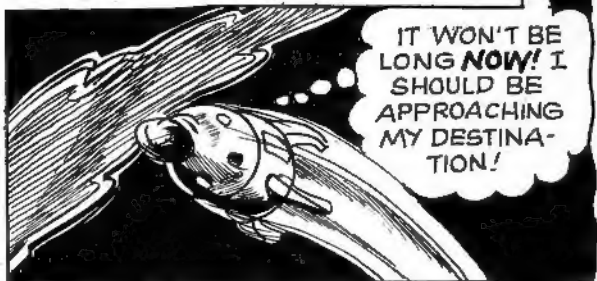




**A**ND SO,  
HE HAD  
WORKED ON IT  
ALSO...WORKED  
IN SECRET!  
IT HAD TAKEN  
OVER A YEAR  
TO COMPLETE  
THE PROJECT...



**B**UT IT HAD BEEN WORTH IT, FOR NOW,  
SUCCESS WAS HIS...AND HE WAS  
STREAKING BACK THROUGH TIME...



IT WON'T BE  
LONG **NOW!** I  
SHOULD BE  
APPROACHING  
MY DESTINA-  
TION!

**A**ND THIS IS HIS DESTINATION...THE  
PREHISTORIC PAST WITH ITS WEIRD  
VEGETATION AND STRANGE ANIMAL  
LIFE! THAT SMALL GROUP OF  
PEOPLE YOU SEE, THOSE CAVEMEN,  
ARE PRACTICALLY THE WHOLE  
HUMAN POPULATION OF THE PLANET...



**E**ACH ONE OF THESE PEOPLE IS IMPOR-  
TANT! EACH ONE IS DESTINED TO BE THE  
ANCESTOR OF MANY, MANY OF US...



ONE OF THE CAVEMEN  
SUDDENLY BROKE AWAY  
FROM THE OTHERS! HE  
WENT SEARCHING FOR  
ONE OF HIS WOMEN WHO  
HAD WANDERED OFF...



BUT  
BEFORE  
HE GOT  
VERY FAR,  
HE  
SUDDENLY  
SAW A  
STRANGE  
OBJECT  
APPEAR  
IN THE  
SKY,  
HEADING  
DOWN  
TOWARD  
HIM...



THE SCIENTIST SAW HIM...

GOTTA DO SOME-  
THING! CHANGE  
COURSE  
SOME-  
HOW!



MUST  
NOT  
SMASH  
INTO HIM  
...MUSTN'T  
KILL HIM

HE FRANTICALLY THREW SWITCHES, TURNED  
DIALS... BUT IT DID NO GOOD...

GOOD GOD!  
NO! WHAT AM  
I DOING?



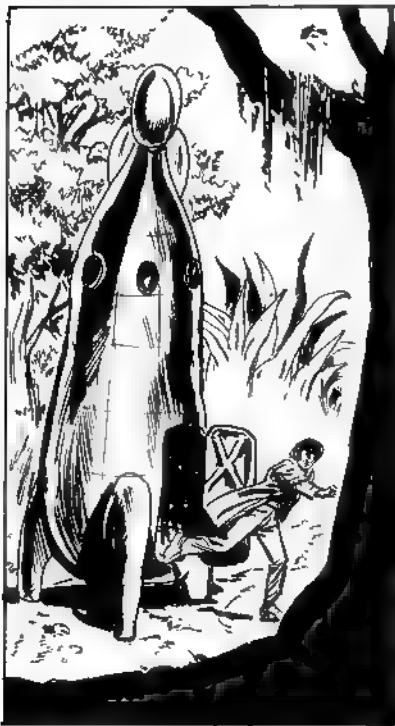
HOWEVER...



WHA--?  
WHAT'S  
GOING  
ON?

WE PASSED  
RIGHT **THROUGH**  
HIM! DIDN'T HARM  
HIM **AT ALL!**

**A**ND ONCE THE TIME MACHINE HAD COME TO A REST, THE SCIENTIST RUSHED OUT TO LOOK OVER HIS DEVICE AND FIGURE OUT WHAT HAPPENED...



**A**ND THEN LOOKED ON IN SHOCK AS THE MACHINE, HIS ONLY LINK TO HIS OWN ERA, BEGAN TO VANISH...



**A**ND WHEN THE MACHINE WAS GONE, HE CHANCED TO LOOK DOWN AT HIMSELF...



**H**E HAD BEEN RIGHT! HISTORY WAS ORDERED IN SUCH A WAY THAT THINGS COULD NOT BE ALTERED...

SOME... SOME **FORCE** WON'T ALLOW ME TO **EXIST** IN THIS TIME PERIOD!

I'M-- I'M **VANISHING!** BE-BECOMING **NOTHING!**



**A**ND THEN HE WAS GONE ...AND THE CAVE MAN CONTINUED ON, TO SEARCH FOR HIS WOMAN...



AND WHILE HE MAY FIND **HER**, YOU CAN BET THAT THE ONE THING HE **WON'T** FIND IS OUR LONG GONE FRIEND FROM THE FUTURE!

WELL **WHEREVER** HE IS...AT LEAST HE HAS THE SATISFACTION OF KNOWING HE WAS RIGHT!





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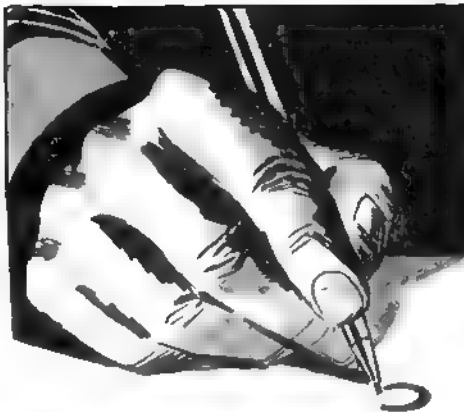
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**BURNING UP** TO READ A GOOD **BOOK** AFTER THAT PULSATING PROLOGUE, LITTLE FRIENDS? THEN LET ME **RECOMMEND** ONE TO YOU! IT WON'T TAKE **LONG** TO READ, AFTER ALL, IT CONTAINS...

# 243 BLANK PAGES!



AFTER THAT, HE BEGAN HIS SEARCH...LOOKING IN EVERY OUT-OF-THE-WAY BOOKSTORE.



...IN EVERY SMALL CURIO SHOP...

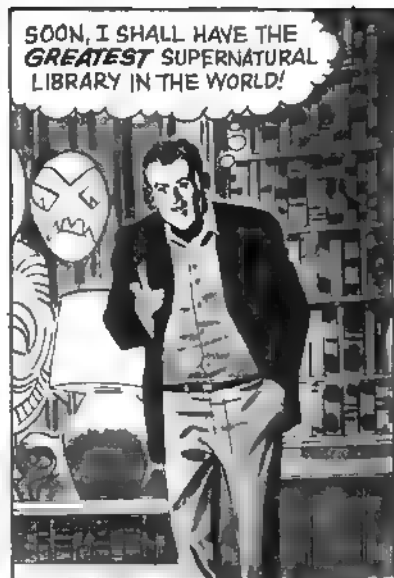


CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT! IT'S HERE!

I'VE FOUND IT!





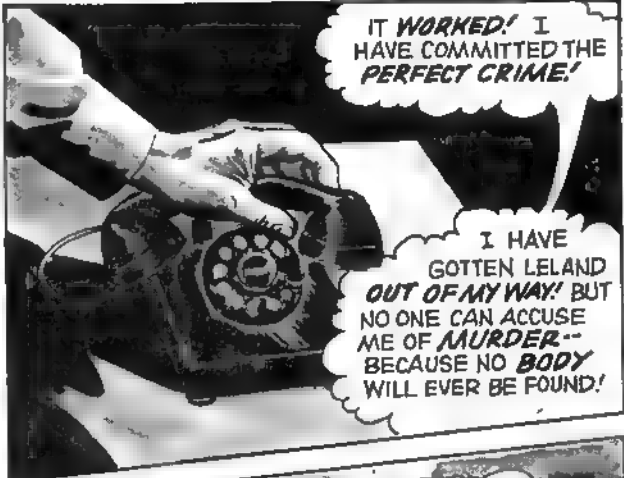




ARTHUR, MR. LELAND NEVER SHOWED UP FOR THAT IMPORTANT CONFERENCE TODAY! I GUESS YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!

IF WE CAN'T DEPEND ON HIM, THEN HIS JOB IS YOURS! YOU ARE NOW THE VICE PRESIDENT!

OH, THANK YOU, SIR...  
THANK YOU!



IT WORKED! I HAVE COMMITTED THE PERFECT CRIME!

I HAVE GOTTEN LELAND OUT OF MY WAY! BUT NO ONE CAN ACCUSE ME OF MURDER-- BECAUSE NO BODY WILL EVER BE FOUND!

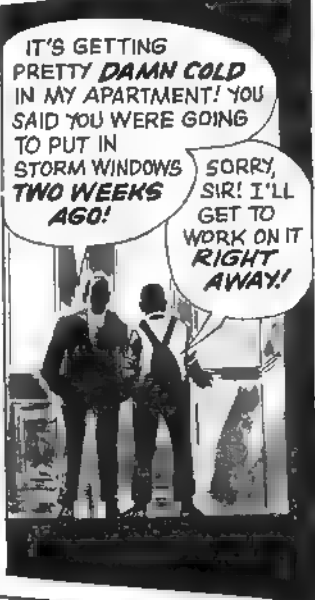


AND THAT NEXT MORNING, AS ARTHUR LEAVES FOR WORK...

NOW THAT I'M A VICE PRESIDENT, IT'S ABOUT TIME I STARTED THROWING MY WEIGHT AROUND!

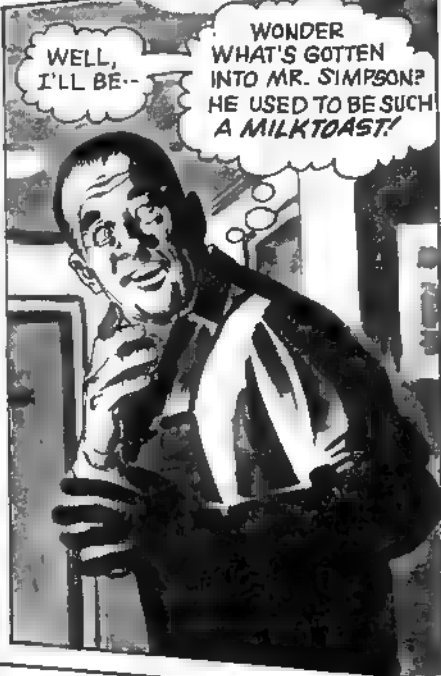
MR. JAMESON, I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU FOR A MOMENT!

YES, SIR?



IT'S GETTING PRETTY DAMN COLD IN MY APARTMENT! YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO PUT IN STORM WINDOWS TWO WEEKS AGO!

SORRY, SIR! I'LL GET TO WORK ON IT RIGHT AWAY!



WELL, I'LL BE--

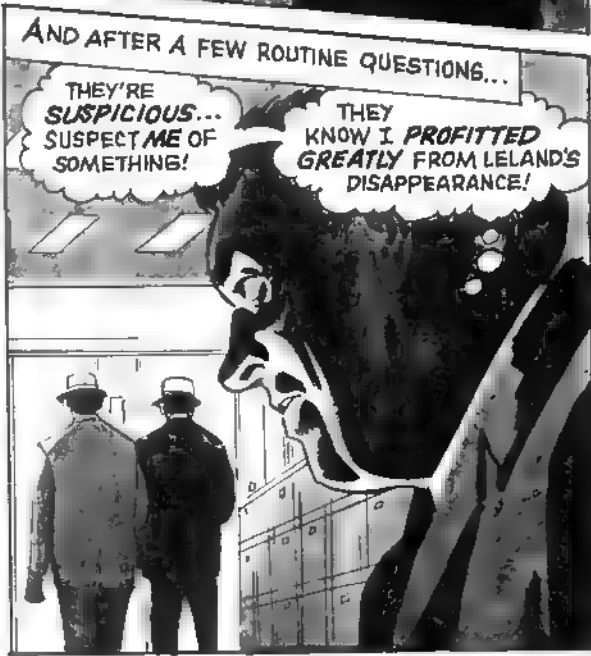
WONDER WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO MR. SIMPSON? HE USED TO BE SUCH A MILKTOAST!



YES, ARTHUR IS A CHANGED... A SECURE MAN... FOR HE THINKS HE HAS COMMITTED THE PERFECT CRIME... HOWEVER, WHEN HE REACHES THE OFFICE...

MR. SIMPSON, WE'RE FROM THE MISSING PERSONS BUREAU!... WE'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU FOR A MOMENT ABOUT MR. LELAND!

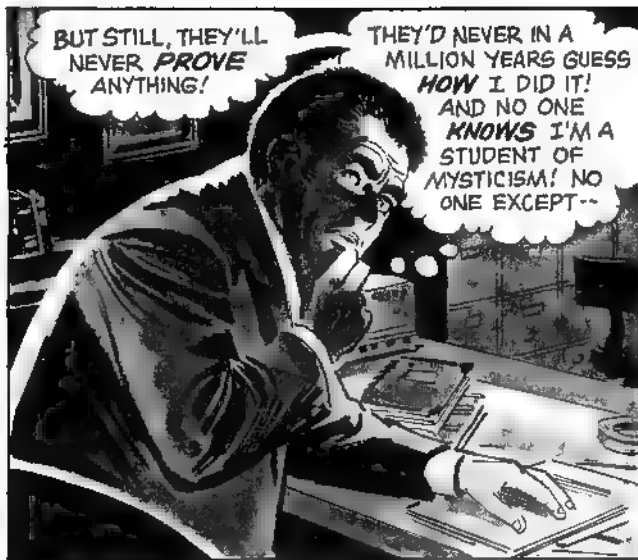
UH... OKAY.. YEH, SURE!



AND AFTER A FEW ROUTINE QUESTIONS...

THEY'RE SUSPICIOUS... SUSPECT ME OF SOMETHING!

THEY KNOW I PROFITTED GREATLY FROM LELAND'S DISAPPEARANCE!



BUT STILL, THEY'LL NEVER **PROVE** ANYTHING!

THEY'D NEVER IN A MILLION YEARS GUESS **HOW** I DID IT! AND NO ONE **KNOWS** I'M A STUDENT OF MYSTICISM! NO ONE EXCEPT--

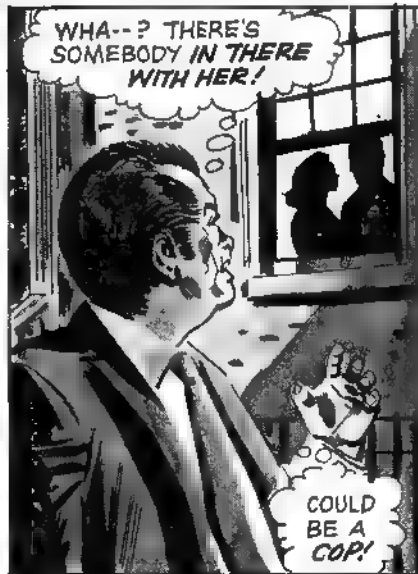


WAIT A MINUTE! **SALLY!** SHE KNOWS **ALL** ABOUT MY HOBBY! AND I TOLD HER ABOUT THAT **BOOK** TOO!

WHAT IF THE POLICE TALK TO **HER**?



THAT NIGHT... GOTTA TALK TO **SALLY**... TELL HER TO KEEP HER MOUTH **SHUT** --GET HER TO PROMISE TO TELL THE POLICE **NOTHING!**



WHA--? THERE'S SOMEBODY **IN THERE** WITH **HER!**

COULD BE A **COP!**



PROBABLY ISN'T, BUT **COULD** BE! AND I'M NOT GONNA TAKE ANY **CHANCES!**

CAN'T TALK TO **HER** **NOW!**... BETTER GET HOME AND TRY TO FIGURE THIS THING OUT!



GOTTA GET AHOLD OF MYSELF! SO WHAT IF IT **WAS** A **COP**?

EVEN IF SHE **TOLD** HIM ABOUT THE BOOK, HE'D NEVER **BELIEVE** HER!



I KNOW THAT SUPERNATURALISM IS **REAL!** BUT A **COP**... HE'D NEVER--

WAIT! WHAT'S **THAT**?





FOOTSTEPS! SOMEONE  
IS COMING UP THE STAIRS  
... HEADING THIS WAY!



IT... IT'S  
A COP!

SHE... SHE DID  
IT!... TOLD THEM  
ALL ABOUT IT!...  
THEY'RE COMING  
TO GET ME!



NO... GOTTA CALM DOWN!  
IT CAN'T BE A COP!

BUT... BUT  
WHAT IF  
IT IS?



HE'S GETTING  
CLOSER!

GOTTA DO  
SOMETHING  
... JUST IN  
CASE!



THE BOOK!...  
IF THEY CAN'T  
FIND THIS, THEY  
WON'T BE ABLE TO  
PROVE ANYTHING!



I'LL DESTROY IT!

YES,  
THAT'S  
WHAT I'LL  
DO--DESTROY  
IT!





HE'S HERE... BUT  
HE'S TOO LATE!

ALL THE  
EVIDENCE WILL  
BE GONE IN  
A FEW MORE  
SECONDS!



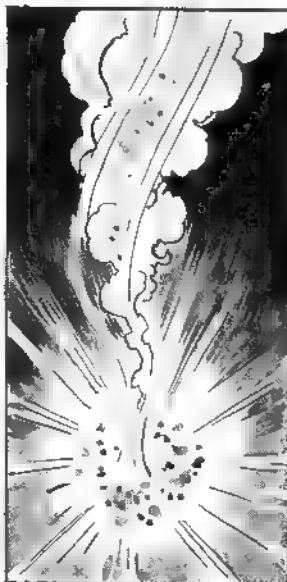
AND THEN I'LL--

HUNH? WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?  
...  
I'M STARTING  
TO FADE! IT...



GOOD GOD... NO! I SIGNED  
MY NAME IN FRONT OF THE BOOK  
--JUST LIKE IN ALL MY BOOKS!

AND  
NOW I  
...I'M--



HUMPH! DOESN'T  
SEEM TO BE HOME!

GUESS I'LL  
HAVE TO WAIT  
TILL TOMORROW  
TO PUT IN THESE  
WINDOWS!



AS FAR AS POOR ARTHUR IS  
CONCERNED, JAMESON CAN WAIT  
A LOT LONGER THAN THAT!  
HEE-HEE! WHEREVER IT IS  
ARTHUR WENT, I'M SURE HE  
WON'T NEED STORM WINDOWS!



COMPULOG ENTRY: JULY 12. LASER SHELL EXPLODED ON THE 18th FLOOR OF "THE CITIDEL" DESTROYED JEWELRY SHOP,

SUPERMARKET, TWO BAKERIES, AND MEN'S CLOTHING SHOP DAMAGE COMPUTERS ESTIMATE ONE MILLION PROPERTY LOSS. THE

FOUR HUNDRED AND TWELVE DEAD ARE NEGLIGIBLE AND ACCEPTABLE IN CLASS 2-A PRIME ATTACK' END LOG ENTRY.



**COMMUNICATIONS!**  
EXPLOSION ON 18, C-DECK.

ROGER! REPAIR UNITS  
SENT TO REINFORCE  
EXTERIOR STRUCTURE.  
CHECK D-DECK, D AS IN  
DOUBLE, AND REPORT  
OVER!

SIR! **ATTACK**  
CAME FROM 14TH  
STREET.

ISN'T THAT  
AREA SUPPOSED  
TO BE  
**OFF LIMITS,**  
GENERAL?

YES,  
BLAST IT,  
WHY THE DEVIL  
DID THEY START  
ATTACKING? WE'RE  
STILL LOW ON MISSILES  
AFTER THAT BATTLE  
WITH THIRD AVENUE

**NO CHOICE NOW**  
WE'LL HAVE TO  
RECIPROCATE...

**WEAPONS!**  
TARGET A-ALPHA PRIME...  
NORTH QUAD, FIRST  
TWO BUILDINGS...

**ROCKET  
BAZOOKAS!**

ROGER,  
SIR,  
AWAITING  
FIRING  
COMMAND!


COME ON, LIEUTENANT  
WE'LL GET A BETTER VIEW  
FROM THE OBSERVATION  
DECK

ALL  
RIGHT,  
WEAPONS!  
**BEGIN  
FIRING  
SEQUENCE!**

FIFTY-FIVE  
THOUSAND POUNDS  
OF LIQUID FUEL  
PROPEL FIVE,  
TWELVE-AND-A  
HALF TON MISSILES  
TOWARDS THEIR  
TARGETS...

...I... **FIRE!**

ROGER!  
5...4  
3...2



THEY SAY THAT ANIMALS WILL  
FIGHT ONLY FOR PROTECTION, THAT  
THEY WILL KILL ONLY FOR SURVIVAL  
BUT MAN WILL MURDER FOR  
SUCH THINGS AS GOLD, OR LAND,  
OR THAT NEBULOUS QUALITY  
KNOWN AS HONOR, AS WE'LL  
SEE IN THIS EXAMINATION  
OF A NOT-SO-DISTANT  
FUTURE ENTITLED...

# WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY

FFWISSHHHH

BOOMMM

34th STREET

SLAVE



BEAUTIFUL... BEAUTIFUL...  
THAT SHOULD STOP 'EM LONG ENOUGH  
FOR US TO GET OUR **BIG STUFF** READY...

WE'LL GET THOSE  
**BUZZARDS** YET, HA!

GENERAL WALLACE,  
S.R.? MESSAGE FROM  
COMMUNICATIONS.



WHAT IS IT, PRIVATE?

**118TH STREET** WAS  
COMPLETELY DESTROYED  
IN AN **ALL-OUTER** WITH  
THE AVENUE OF THE  
AMERICAS, SIR. THAT LEAVES  
ONLY **14TH STREET** AND  
US REMAINING IN NEW YORK.

THOUGHTS FLASHED RAPIDLY  
THROUGH THE GENERAL'S MIND...  
"ONLY 14TH ST AND US...  
BROOKLYN WAS A **WASTELAND**.  
QUEENS WAS **DESTROYED** BACK  
IN '23, AND THERE WAS ONLY  
SPORADIC STREET FIGHTING  
IN THE BRONX"...

YOU HEAR THAT, JACKSON?  
JUST THE TWO OF US. OF COURSE,  
YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?

YES  
SIR, I  
UNDERSTAND  
PERFECTLY,  
SIR.

WE'LL HAVE TO GET  
THEM **BUZZARDS**. JACKSON  
WE'LL HAVE TO GET 'EM AND **DESTROY**  
'EM. THERE JUST ISN'T ENOUGH ROOM  
FOR BOTH OF US...



WHAT IN  
HELL!

EXPLOSION!  
DOWN THE  
HALL!



ANDY! OH GOD! NO!



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, LT?

IT'S ANDY, SIR.  
MY BROTHER. HE'S  
BEEN **KILLED**!

**FORGET HIM, LT**  
HIS BODY WILL BE TAKEN  
CARE OF. MEANWHILE,  
**THERE'S A WAR ON!**

**DAMN YOUR WAR, GENERAL!**  
DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE WHEN  
YOUR OWN FLESH AND BLOOD DIES? DON'T  
YOU HAVE ANY FEELINGS, OR ARE YOU  
SOME KIND OF **MECHANICAL** MERCENARY  
WITH ICE COURSG THROUGH YOUR  
VEINS... A BARBARIC  
BUTCHER WITHOUT A HEART  
OR A SOUL?

**END IT!**  
ARE YOU INSANE?  
YOU TALK OF PEOPLE  
DYING. IF WE END IT  
NOW, THEN IT WOULD'VE  
ALL BEEN IN VAIN...  
THEY WOULD HAVE ALL  
**DIED FOR NOTHING!**

**GOD ALMIGHTY!** THIS COUNTRY  
IS PRACTICALLY DEAD, GENERAL.  
CALIFORNIA FELL THIS MORNING.  
THERE'S **NO ONE** LEFT BUT US...  
THIS BUILDING AND THE ONE  
ACROSS THE STREET...

WE'VE DESTROYED A  
GREAT COUNTRY...  
WE'VE LET IT CRUMBLE  
TO THE GROUND LIKE  
SOME ROTTING WASTE.  
THREE HUNDRED MILLION  
PEOPLE HAVE DIED  
ALREADY, GENERAL.  
**WHY MUST ALL  
OF US HAVE  
TO PERISH?**


YOU DON'T  
REMEMBER, DO YOU  
JACKSON? YOU DON'T  
REMEMBER HOW  
THIS WAR BEGAN.  
WELL, LET ME  
REFRESH YOUR  
MEMORY...

THAT'S **ENOUGH** OUT OF  
YOU, LT. JUST REMEMBER I  
DIDN'T START TH'S WAR.  
IT'S BEEN GOING ON LONGER  
THAN ANY OF US CAN  
REMEMBER...

BUT YOU  
CAN **END** THIS  
INSANITY ONCE AND  
FOR ALL. TALK PEACE  
**NOW!**

**NO** LT.,  
THEY **DIDN'T** DIE  
FOR NOTHING...  
THEY DIED TO MAKE  
THIS BLOCK THE STRONGEST...  
THE MOST POWERFUL IN THE  
WORLD. TO QUIT NOW,  
WOULD MAKE A **MOCKERY**  
OF THEIR DEATHS...





FIRST THE **BLACKS**  
STARTED IN WHEN  
THEY CAUSED ALL  
THAT TROUBLE,  
DEMANDING THINGS  
THEY WEREN'T  
DUE...

ALL THEY WANTED  
WAS **EQUAL** JUSTICE...  
OPPORTUNITY TO  
LIVE LIKE MEN.  
WAS THAT TOO  
MUCH TO ASK FOR?

THEN IT WAS  
THE **STUDENTS**  
THEY **LOOTED**,  
**BURNED BUILDINGS**  
THEY STAGED PROTESTS  
AGAINST THE  
DULY ELECTED  
GOVERNMENT...

IT WAS A GOVERNMENT  
THAT **REFUSED**  
TO LISTEN TO THEM, AND  
DEMANDED THEY FIGHT  
AND DIE FOR AN  
UNJUST CAUSE!

WITH ALL  
THOSE **FREAKS**  
RUNNING AROUND,  
IS IT ANY WONDER  
THAT PEOPLE BEGAN  
ARMING THEMSELVES?  
**THEY HAD**  
**TO!**

THAT'S RIGHT,  
GENERAL. THEY HAD TO...  
THEY **HAD** TO FIGHT  
THEIR **NEIGHBORS**...  
THEIR **BROTHERS**  
AND OVER WHAT?  
OVER MEANINGLESS  
IDEOLOGIES.

SO WHAT DID THEY DO? FEAR CRAZED, THEY CAME  
TOGETHER; FORTIFIED THEIR NEIGHBORHOODS, THEIR BUILDINGS.  
THEY BECAME SMALL **FEUDAL SOCIETIES** SCATTERED ALL  
ACROSS THE NATION, AND THEN, THE WORLD...

AND FOR WHAT? THEY **FOUGHT** EACH OTHER. DID THEY EVEN TRY TO SPEAK OF PEACE?  
**NO!** LET ME TELL YOU THIS, GENERAL...

**THAT'S ALL JACKSON.** CONSIDER YOURSELF UNDER ARREST BUT BEFORE I HAVE YOU CONFINED I WANT YOU TO SEE HOW WE TREAT OUR ENEMIES... ALL OUR ENEMIES...

GENERAL, WE'VE JUST DISCOVERED THAT WE **ACCIDENTALLY** FIRED ON 14TH STREET FIRST. **SHORT CIRCUIT** IN MISSILE CONTROL.

THAT WILL BE ALL, LT.

THANK YOU, PRIVATE. YOU CAN GO NOW.

**SURE,** GENERAL, ANYTHING YOU SAY. YOU SEEM TO KNOW EVERYTHING, **SIR.**

SAID **THAT WILL BE ALL, LT!**

**PRIVATE!** COME BACK HERE FOR A SECOND

YESSIR?

HOW OLD ARE YOU, PRIVATE?

18, SIR.

VERY GOOD I'M SURE THAT YOU'RE VERY **LOYAL** TO OUR CAUSE SO I HAVE A SPECIAL MISSION FOR YOU.

**NONE** OF US HAVE EVER BEEN OUTSIDE THIS BUILDING, PRIVATE. I WANT YOU TO GO OUTSIDE AND SCOUT 14TH STREET.

THANK YOU, SIR FOR YOUR CONFIDENCE IN ME

O.K. PRIVATE, HURRY UP!

HE'LL BE **KILLED.** YOU'RE SENDING HIM TO HIS DEATH!

THE YOUTH DESCENDS TO THE BOTTOM FLOOR OF THE 'CITIDEL' AND RUNS INTO THE SMOKE-FILLED STREET. THE STENCH OF DEAD BODIES CREEPS DEEP INTO HIS FLARING NOSTRILS AS HE FIGHTS NAUSEA AT THE SICKENING SIGHTS THAT SURROUND HIM...



**MOVE IT!  
BLAST YOU!  
MOVE IT!**

**DON'T  
LET 'EM  
GET YOU...**

**FOR  
GOD SAKES,  
MOVE!**

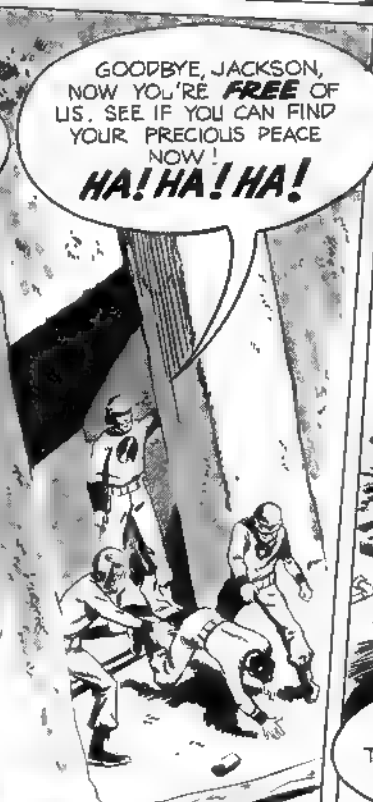


YOU **KNEW** HE WAS  
GOING TO BE KILLED. YOU SENT  
HIM TO DIE. **TO DIE!!**

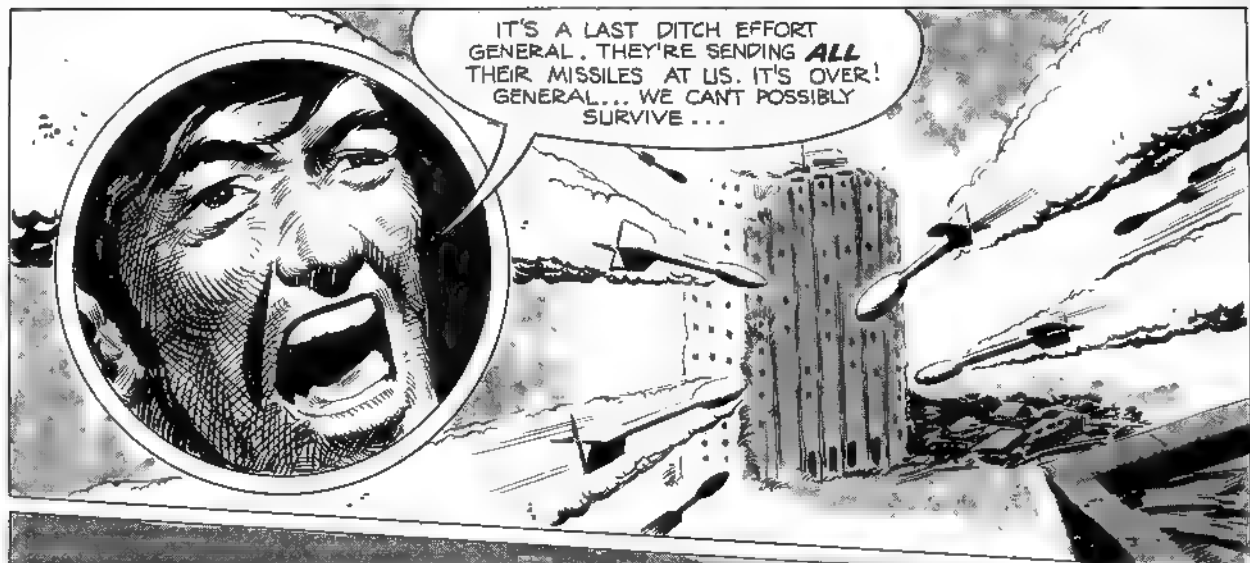
YES I KNEW IT,  
BUT I WANTED YOU  
TO SEE HIM. HE WASN'T  
**AFRAID** TO DIE. HE WANTED  
ONLY TO DO HIS DUTY FOR ..  
HIS GENERAL...HIS LEADER!



**YOU'RE CRAZY!**  
YOU THINK YOU'RE  
SOME **TIN-PLATED**  
**GOD** WHO DECIDES  
WHO WILL LIVE AND  
WHO WILL DIE..  
I'VE GOT NEWS FOR  
YOU, GENERAL  
YOU'RE NO GOD YOU'RE  
A MAN - **A STINKING,**  
**LOUSY DOG OF A**  
**MAN...THE MOST**  
**PATHETIC**  
**CREATURE**  
**I'VE EVER**  
**SEEN!**







TEN THOUSAND SCREAMS MERGE AS ONE, BUT EVEN THEY PALE UNDER THE INCREDIBLE EARTH-SHATTERING EXPLOSIONS...



UHHH...WHERE AM I?  
WHAT HAPPENED?

YOU WERE  
KNOCKED OUT  
BY THE  
EXPLOSION.

WHO...?

JACKSON?

COME WITH ME, GENERAL,  
I WANT TO SHOW YOU  
SOMETHING!

THAT'S RIGHT, GENERAL. WE BOTH  
SURVIVED. CALL IT LUCK, CALL IT WHAT  
YOU WILL. MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE WE  
WERE BOTH OUTSIDE  
WHEN THE BOMB CAME,  
BUT WE'RE BOTH ALIVE.  
**THE LAST TWO  
PEOPLE ALIVE  
IN AMERICA!**

DAZED, GENERAL WALLACE  
FOLLOWS THE LIEUTENANT  
TO...

THERE IT  
IS, GENERAL...  
THE VICIOUS ENEMY  
WE'VE BEEN FIGHTING.  
**A HOSPITAL!**

THAT'S RIGHT,  
GENERAL. A HOSPITAL  
EQUIPPED **ONLY** WITH  
**SELF-DEFENSE** WEAPONS..  
A HOSPITAL THAT WOULDN'T  
ATTACK UNLESS FIRED  
ON FIRST...

SHUT UP,  
JACKSON.  
SHUT UP.

IT'S ALL OVER  
GENERAL. **EVERYTHING!**  
IT'S JUST YOU AND ME.  
NOW THAT ALL YOUR  
ENEMIES ARE GONE,  
THERE'S NOTHING LEFT  
FOR YOU TO BE GENERAL  
OVER. **ISN'T** THAT  
A LAUGH, GENERAL?

**HA! HA!  
HA!**

**SHUT UP  
JACKSON!  
FOR GOD'S SAKE,  
SHUT UP!**

WHAT ARE YOU  
GOING TO DO NOW,  
GENERAL?

**WHAT ARE  
YOU GOING TO DO  
NOW!  
HA! HA!  
HA!**

PEACE,  
BROTHERS!

THE GENERAL STARED  
SOLEMNLY AT HIS GLN  
AND SAW TWO BULLETS  
LODGED IN ITS CHAMBER.  
THE FIRST WENT DIRECTLY  
BETWEEN THE EYES OF  
LIEUTENANT CLIFFORD JACKSON,  
AND THE SECOND BROUGHT  
PEACE TO THE WORLD...

END.

# PROLOGUE:

THE KILLING....  
THE SHOOTING  
OF A MAN IN  
COLD BLOOD....

...THE RUNNING...TRYING  
TO AVOID THE COPS AS  
THEY CLOSE IN...

-THE BURNING  
IN HIS LUNGS AS  
HE PUNISHED HIMSELF  
ON AND ON...  
THE FEAR...THE  
EXHAUSTION. PUSHED

...SPOTTING  
THE OLD  
DESERTED HOUSE-  
AND RACING  
TOWARD IT!

ALL THAT WAS  
NOW AN  
INSIGNIFICANT  
PART OF  
THE PAST...  
INSIGNIFICANT,  
BECAUSE IT  
WAS NOTHING  
COMPARED TO  
THE HORROR  
HE HAD NOW  
GOTTEN  
HIMSELF  
INTO....

SLOWLY, HE LIFTED HIMSELF UP AND TRIED TO STAND. HE HAD BEEN LYING FACE DOWN ON THE ROTTING FLOOR BOARDS. NOW THEY SQUEAKED AS HE GLANCED AROUND THE ROOM.

# ESCAPE INTO

# CHAOS

-MUST'VE  
BLACKED  
OUT!

GOD KNOWS I PUSHED  
MYSELF TO THE LIMIT TO  
GET HERE! GUESS I JUST  
COULDN'T  
STAND THE  
STRAIN! SO  
TIRED!

WHA-? GOOD GOD!  
IT'S EIGHT O'CLOCK!  
I'VE BEEN  
UNCONSCIOUS  
FOR AN HOUR!

-I'D BETTER  
GET MOVING  
AGAIN!

I REMEMBER A DREAM!  
A NIGHTMARE! SOME  
SORT OF WEIRD  
CREATURES -  
ATTACKING ME!  
TEARING ME APART!  
THE PAIN!  
HORRIBLE!





SUDDENLY HE WAS FLOATING THROUGH ANOTHER DIMENSION....  
FLOATING PAST WEIRD, INTERSECTING PLANES, PAST WHIRLING  
SPHERES, THERE WAS NO UP, OR  
DOWN-NO REALITY!

NO! THIS CAN'T BE  
HAPPENING! IT'S  
LIKE SOMETHING  
OUT OF A  
SCIENCE  
FICTION  
STORY!

S-SOMETHING  
IS PULLING ME  
DOWN!

WHAT IS THAT  
CREATURE?!

CHIK..CHIK..CHIK-CHIK-CHIK-

-AND WHAT IS  
THAT SOUND?  
IT'S FAMILIAR,  
BUT WHERE HAVE  
I HEARD IT BEFORE?



THEN HE COULD SEE THEM-  
COMING FROM THOSE  
FANTASTIC CREATURES,  
HEADING DIRECTLY  
TOWARD HIM...  
CHITTERING, CRAB-  
LIKE THINGS...  
THOUSANDS  
OF THEM.....

I'VE  
SEEN  
THOSE  
THINGS  
BEFORE!  
SOME-  
WHERE!

SOMETHING IN THE BACK OF HIS MIND  
WARNED HIM THAT THESE CREATURES  
WERE FAST-AND TOLD HIM TO RUN! BUT  
BEFORE HE COULD, THE THINGS LEAPED!

HE TRIED TO SHAKE THEM  
OFF... FLING THEM  
AWAY... BUT HE  
COULDN'T!

HE COULD FEEL THEIR  
VENOM SEEPING  
INTO HIS BODY... HE  
COULD FEEL PARTS OF  
HIS BODY BEING TORN  
AWAY! STILL, HIS  
BRAIN WAS  
WORKING WELL  
ENOUGH SO  
HE COULD  
REMEMBER—

THE DREAM! IT  
WASN'T A  
DREAM!

I'VE BEEN  
THROUGH THIS  
BEFORE!  
SEVERAL TIMES!!

-BUT HOW CAN  
THAT BE? IT  
DOESN'T MAKE  
SENSE!

YES—  
HE HAD  
BEEN  
THROUGH  
THIS  
BEFORE.  
MANY  
TIMES!  
EACH TIME,  
HIS  
SCREAMS  
WERE  
LOUDER,  
MORE...  
INSANE!



BUT HE DID NOT DIE...  
HE RETURNED TO  
WHERE HE  
BEGAN...

SLOWLY, HE  
LIFTED  
HIMSELF UP  
AND TRIED TO  
STAND....

-MUST HAVE  
BLACKED OUT!  
GOD KNOWS I  
PUSHED MYSELF  
TO THE LIMIT  
TO GET TO  
THIS HOUSE!

WHA-? GOOD GOD! IT'S  
TEN MINUTES AFTER  
EIGHT! I'VE BEEN  
OUT COLD  
FOR TEN  
MINUTES!

I REMEMBER A  
DREAM - A NIGHT-  
MARE! SOME  
SORT OF WEIRD  
CREATURES!  
ATTACKING ME!  
TEARING ME APART!  
THE PAIN - HORRIBLE!

AND SO -  
FOR THE  
EIGHTH  
TIME,

HE CLIMBED  
THE STAIRS,  
UNAWARE THAT  
HE HAD DONE SO SEVEN  
TIMES ALREADY...  
UNAWARE HE WOULD  
DO IT YET AGAIN....  
... AND AGAIN ....

SO - HEEHEE -  
OUR FRIEND'S  
ESCAPE TURNS  
OUT TO BE A  
ROUND TRIP!  
AND WITH SUCH A  
MONOTONOUS  
EXISTENCE, NO  
WONDER HE GOT  
A BIT CRABBY -  
OR IS IT BIT  
BY CRABS? HEE!

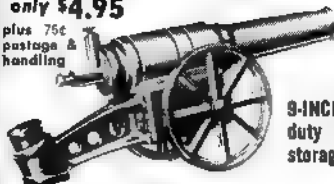
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THESE CANNONS can be heard 5 MILES AWAY! Actual scale models of Army originals. Fire harmless carbide. Sound like dynamite blasts. Safe and harmless. No matches, no gunpowder. Get hundreds of BIG BOOMS. Get a BIG BANG out of your own NOISEMAKER CANNON.

only \$4.95

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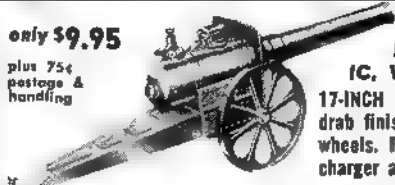


**BIG BLAST COMES OUT OF THIS PERFECT BREECH-TYPE CANNON!**

9-INCH BREECH loader. Two heavy-duty tractor wheels. Ammunition storage in rear of drag beam.

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**THIS ONE IS FULLY AUTOMATIC, WITH BIG BLAST!**

17-INCH CAISSON type. Olive drab finish Red metal spoked wheels. Fitted with automatic charger and igniter.

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**THIS IS IT! HUGE 25-in. TRACTOR CANNON TO "KNOCK 'EM DEAD!"**

25-INCH 155mm type. Extra loud blockbuster boom. 8 heavy-duty tractor wheels. Simulated hydraulic lifter. Automatic charger loading.

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**WOMEN FAINT! MEN PASS OUT! CAN YOU TAKE IT WHEN YOU PLUNGE THIS "NEEDLE" INTO YOUR VICTIM'S ARMS?**



YOU'RE THE MAD DOCTOR with this amazing duplicate of your physician's real life hypo syringe & needle. Take "blood" tests. Give "shots." Fool everyone. Blunt, harmless needle seems to enter vein but actually rides back into syringe. Tube seems to fill with victim's blood. Red liquid is built in to this safe, funny gadget. Do everything a doctor does... it's all good, keen fun. Order today. Only 1.50 plus 39¢ for postage & handling.

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HERE ARE 150 lifelike, scaled down soldiers, in 2 armies of 75 men each. Now every boy can be his own General. Set 'em up for maneuvers, battles, retreats, etc. Use 'em for war games, decoration, education, etc. You'll enjoy every minute with these "men under your command." Only \$1.25, plus 39¢ for postage and handling

● Completely Assembled And Ready to Use!

150 SOLDIERS



\$1.25 plus 39¢ postage & handling

## MONSTER RINGS!



Silver-finish, secret flicker rings. Set of 5, including Werewolf, Frankenstein, Vampire, Skull, Mummy. Flickers in light. Adjustable. Only 50¢, plus 39¢ postage, handling.

Complete Set of 5 Rings — All Different... only 50¢



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IT'S A RING! It's a siren! Blow into it and sound like a police car. Sounds like cry of the Werewolf, too. Great for fans and secret clubs. Only 75¢, plus 39¢ for postage, handling.

75¢

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... Only DOGS Can Hear It!



DIG THAT CRAZY WHISTLE!

AMAZE EVERYONE (especially Fido) when you blow THE SILENT DOG WHISTLE. Supersonic features makes it silent to human ears, but your dog will respond instantly. Fool everyone, teach dog tricks like magic. Has adjustable silent sound, lockset, etc. Made of all metal, 3" long. Only \$1.00, plus 39¢ for postage & handling.

\$1.00



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- STICKS TO ANYTHING!
- CUTE AND HORRIBLE!
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WOW! LOOK WHAT'S ON THE WALL!

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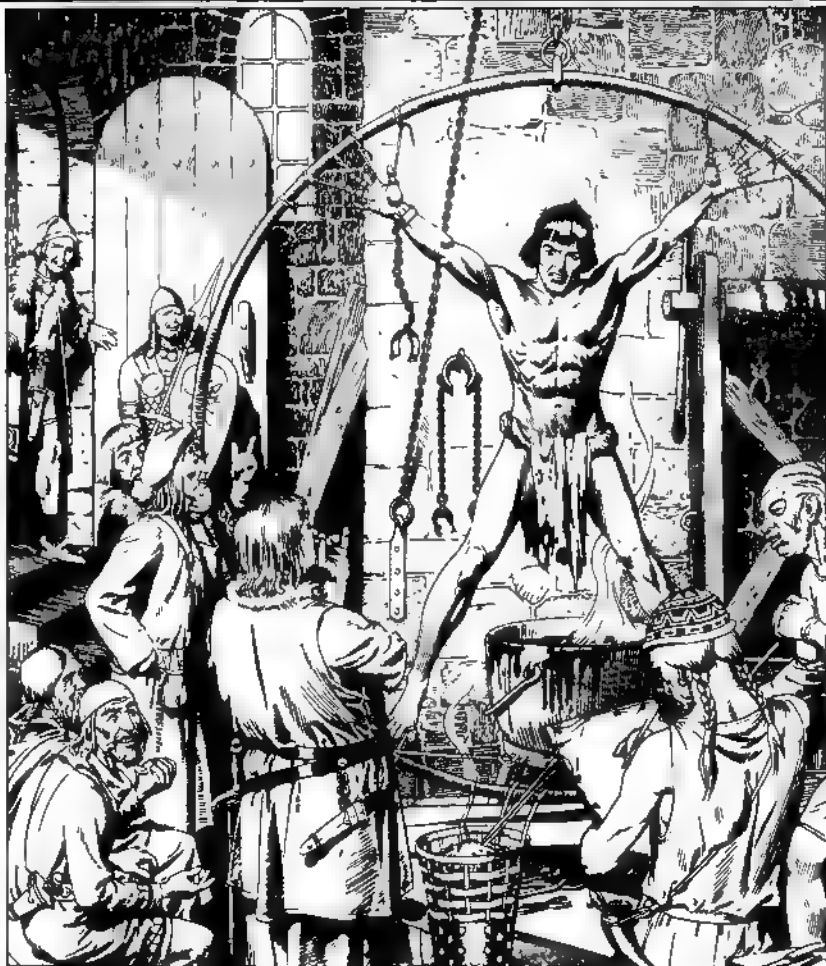
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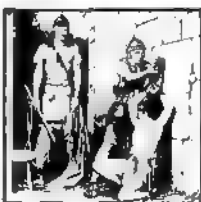
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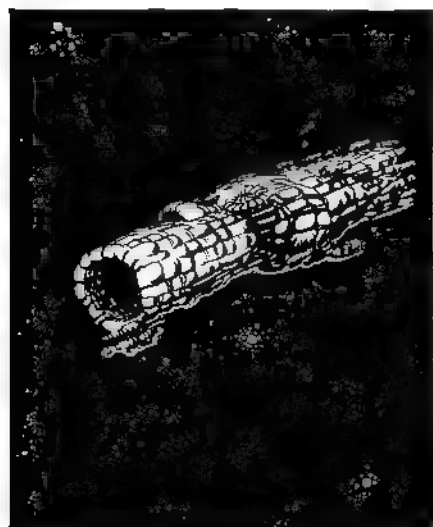
**ARKHORN** DRIFTED... FLOATED THROUGH SPACE AS HE HAD DONE FOR SO LONG...THOUSANDS OF TIMECYCLES.....



WHAT'S THOUSANDS OF TIMECYCLES? WHAT'S **MILLIONS?** **LONELINESS!** **LONELINESS** IS THE ONLY REALITY.....



**ARKHORN'S** EYES WERE SHUT TIGHT. **WHY** KEEP THEM **OPEN** WHEN ALL THERE'S TO SEE ARE THE SAME COLD, HARD, DISTANT STARS?



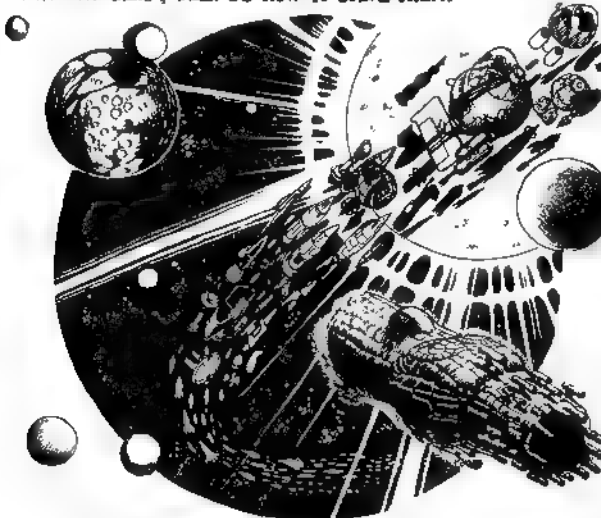
THERE WAS SO MUCH MORE **INSIDE** OF HIM—**ARKHORN** LIVED IN HIS MIND. HE BASKED IN THE RADIANCE OF AN IMAGINARY SUN, BREATHED A SOLAR WIND WHICH, THOUGH CLOTHED ONLY IN PSYCHIC REALITY, WAS SO THICK AND SWEET A DREAM HE COULD TASTE IT.



AND IF HE KEPT HIS EYES SCREWED TIGHTLY SHUT, **ARKHORN**, **STARDRIFTER**, **DAYDREAMER**, HE COULD **SEE** IT! **SEE** HIS PRETEND SUN!



HE COULD WATCH THE MYRIAD WORLDS OF HIS MIND FOR DAYS, WATCH THE GAILY-PAINTED SPACESHIPS SWEEP INTO ORBIT WITH HIM, HOLD FORMATION ... AND ASK HIM, "**ARKHORN**, WE ARE BESET WITH TROUBLES, **TELL US HOW TO SOLVE THEM!**"



AND HE WOULD. **ARKHORN** COULD SOLVE ALMOST ANY PROBLEM, IMAGINARY OR REAL, EVEN HIS **LONELINESS** CRUMPLED WHEN HE SET TO DISIMAGINE IT. ONLY ONE THING REMAINED FOR HIM TO DETERMINE, AND IT WAS THE HARDEST PROBLEM OF ALL. **ARKHORN** ... WHAT IS **REAL**, AND WHAT IS **NOT**?

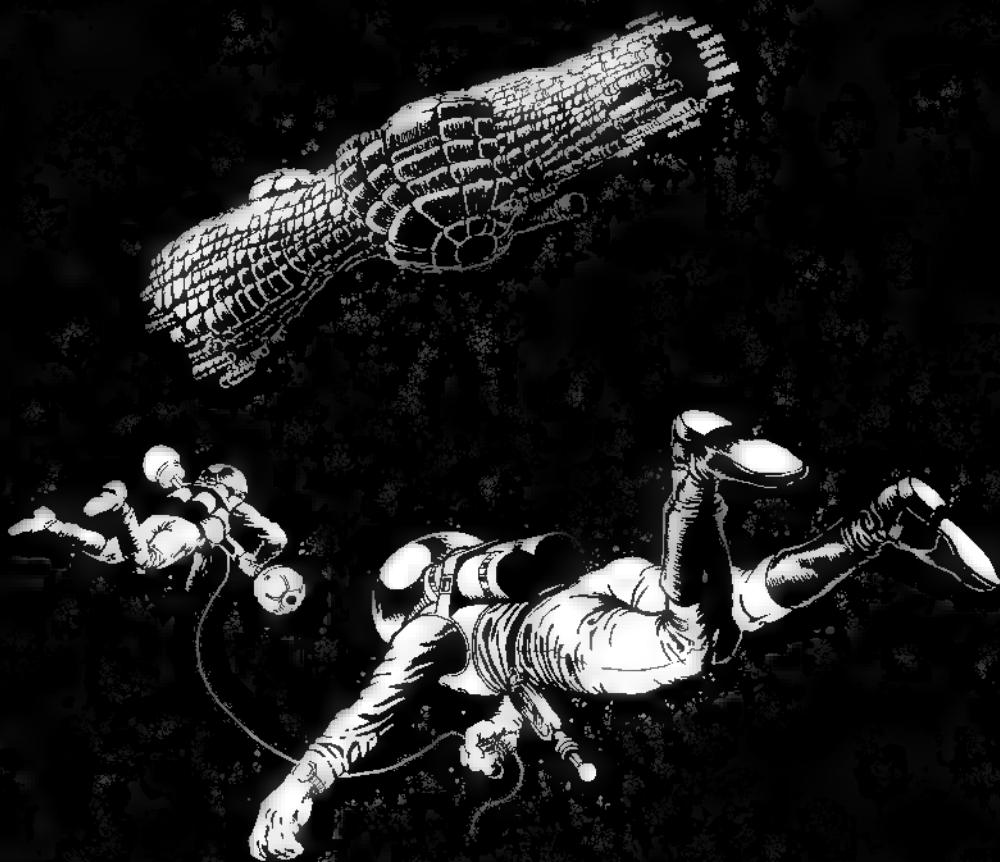




IF AN ORGANISM IS DEPRIVED OF SENSORY INFORMATION, ITS MIND BEGINS TO SUPPLY HALLUCINATORY VISIONS TO KEEP ITSELF OCCUPIED. WHEN THE REAL WORLD ONCE AGAIN PENETRATES THE SENSES, THE VISIONS DISAPPEAR. SUPPOSEDLY, THAT IS....

BUT WHAT IF THE HALLUCINATOR CANNOT DISTINGUISH BETWEEN HIS REALITIES. HALLUCINATORY OR SOLID, BECAUSE THE VISIONS ARE AS SOLID AND FIRM AS "REALITY"? MADNESS, TO LET YOUR DREAMS RIDE ROUGHSHOD OVER THE MOVIE OF YOUR REALITY? AND NOT TO MEN ALONE, FOR, WITNESS ARKHORN (STAR-DRIFTER AND DREAMER), AND HOW HE IS COME TO BE TRAPPED AND BETRAYED BY HIS .....

# STARVISIONS

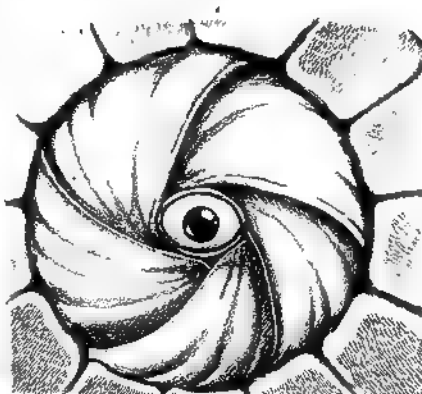
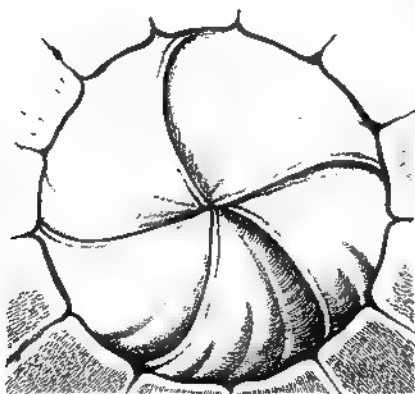


JANNING! OVER THERE! AN ASTROLITH!

THE BIGGER THE MASS WE'RE NEAR THE MORE  
LIKELY THE SEARCH SHIP WILL FIND US WHEN  
THEY PICK UP ON OUR BEACON.

IF THEY...

SHUT UP, ROSS.



THOSE WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY,  
THEY FIRST DRIVE MAD. THOSE WHOM  
THE GODS WOULD DRIVE MAD, THEY FIRST  
STRIP OF **HOPE!** AS LONG AS THIS  
**BEACON** WORKS, WE HAVE **HOPE.**

AND HOW MUCH LONGER CAN WE  
**HOPE** FOR IT TO KEEP WORKING...  
5 DAYS SINCE THE WRECK.... IT'S  
BATTERIES ARE GOOD FOR A WEEK!



WE HAVE TWO DAYS LEFT  
ON OUR SUIT BATTERIES,  
ROSS. AND ANOTHER DAY  
ON AUXILIARY. THIS THING  
HAS TWO DAYS LEFT TO IT.

THAT'S NICE...A  
WHOLE DAY TO GO  
MAD AND SMOTHER  
IN OUR OWN...!!  
**MY GOD!  
THE ROCK!!**



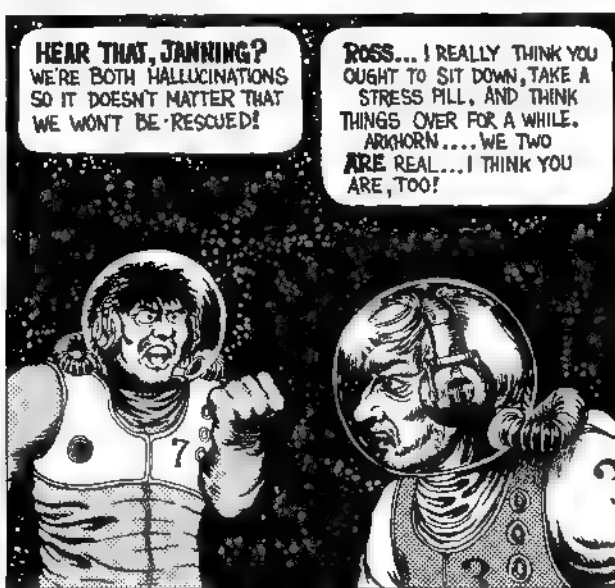
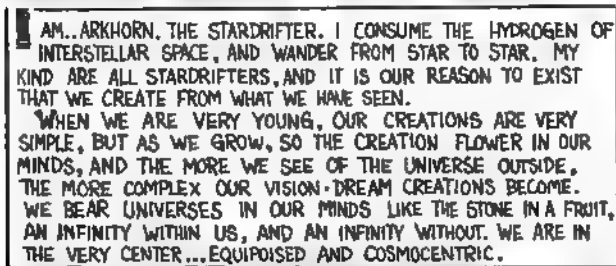
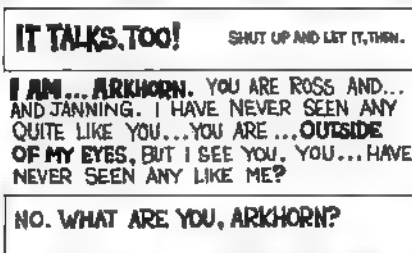
**IT'S ALIVE!!  
JANNING!!  
IT'S LOOKING  
RIGHT AT ME!**



**ARKHORN** WAS MUTE WITH SURPRISE: NEVER BEFORE HAD HIS IMAGININGS TAKEN FORM OUTSIDE HIS EYES, NOR EVER HAD THEY FELT SO DENSE AND SOLID. ALL VERY DISTURBING....

**VERY SOLID. VERY REAL.** TWO OF THEM, TWO CREATURES...SIMILAR TO SOME ARKHORN HAD SEEN OR DREAMED....WHAT DIFFERENCE WAS THERE (ARKHORN WONDERED...) BETWEEN SEEING AND DREAMING?

**ONLY A SHIFT OF REALITY...LIKE THESE TWO CREATURES WHO BEHAVED AS THOUGH THEY HAD NEVER SEEN ARKHORN BEFORE ....AND THAT WAS A NEW AND FRIGHTENINGLY ALIEN THOUGHT!**





YOU CANNOT POSSIBLY BE REAL!  
WHAT WOULD YOU BE DOING OUT  
HERE, SURROUNDED BY NOTHING,  
SO FAR FROM THE STARS?

WE ARE SPACE  
TRAVELLERS, LIKE  
YOU. OUR SPACESHIP  
WAS STRUCK BY A  
METEORITE, BUT OUR  
SHOCKSUITS SAVED US.



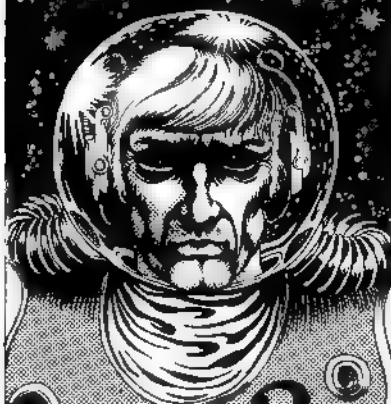
IF YOU ARE REAL...  
WHENCE DO YOU COME?

I'M FROM EARTH, ROSS IS  
FROM ANDROMEDA KENTAURO  
ABOUT 700 LIGHT YEARS....

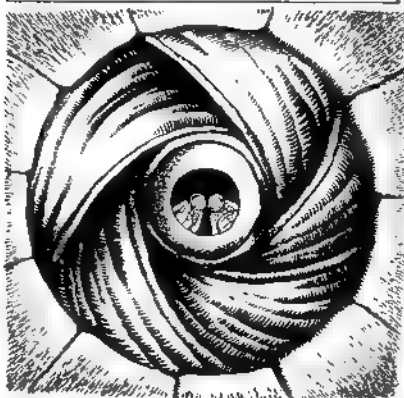


LIGHT YEAR?  
WHAT IS...A  
LIGHT YEAR?

A UNIT OF DISTANCE.  
WE HAVE NO UNITS IN  
COMMON. CALL IT A  
DAMNED LONG WAY.



ARKHORN WAS SILENT - HIS THOUGHTS  
CONFUSED AND TANGLED. SO MUCH  
HE FAILED TO UNDERSTAND! CREATURES  
WHO INSISTED UPON THEIR OWN REALITY  
AND SPOKE IN TERMS HE DID NOT KNOW.  
ARKHORN KNEW... HE KNEW!... THAT  
THE TWO SUITED FIGURES WERE NOT REAL.



**ONLY STARVISIONS!** ERRANT IMAGES  
OF HIS OWN MIND, MATERIALIZED TO  
KEEP HIM COMPANY.

AND YET, HE WONDERED, WHY SHOULD  
HE IMAGINE SUCH ALIEN THINGS FOR  
COMPANY? SO ALIEN THAT HE COULD  
ALMOST... BELIEVE IN THEM. REAL?



OF COURSE THEY WEREN'T REAL! HOW  
COULD HE EVER BE SO FORTUNATE AS  
TO ENJOY REAL COMPANIONSHIP AFTER  
SO MANY ENDLESS ATOMS?

HE CLOSED HIS EYES, SEALED HIMSELF  
AWAY IN HIS WORLD OF DREAMS. THERE  
WAS NOTHING THERE TO CONFUSE HIM.

PERHAPS, IN TIME, THE STARVISIONS  
WOULD GO AWAY.

I TOOK A STRESS PILL,  
JANNING. I FEEL A  
LOT BETTER.



THAT'S GOOD.  
LOOK THERE.

MY GOD! A SHIP!  
COMING THIS WAY!



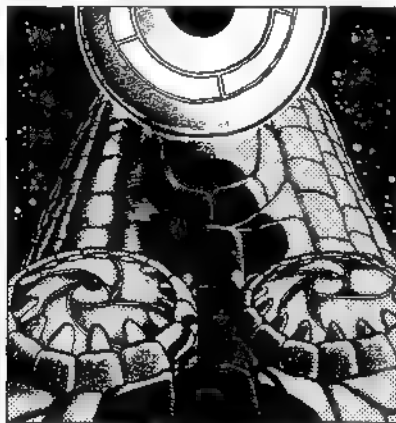
UH...JANNING, LET'S NOT MENTION...  
THE ROCK. IN CASE IT WAS ONLY.  
I MEAN... YOU KNOW?



SOMETHING SOLID BUMPED HIM GENTLY.



JANNING AND ROSS WERE GONE. HE KNEW THEY WOULD BE. THERE WOULD BE NOTHING THERE. ARKHORN'S EYES OPENED.



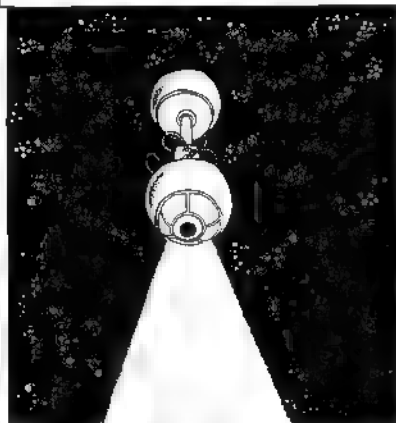
THE BEACON. AND ARKHORN COULD NOT DISIMAGINE IT. **BUMP!**



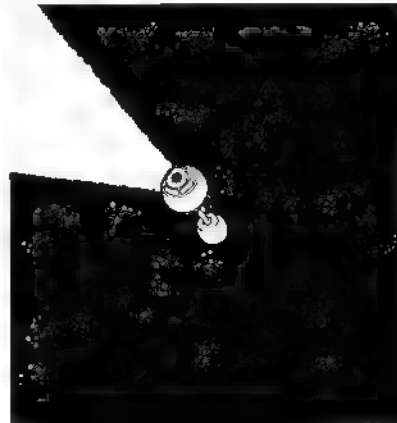
IT WOULDN'T GO AWAY. ARKHORN STARED AT IT, A COLD FIST OF CERTAINTY FREEZING HIS MIND, HOLDING HIS EYES.



IT WAS REALLY THERE.



NOT ROSS. NOT JANNING. THEY WERE REAL BUT THEY WERE GONE. AND ARKHORN DIDN'T KNOW WHERE.....



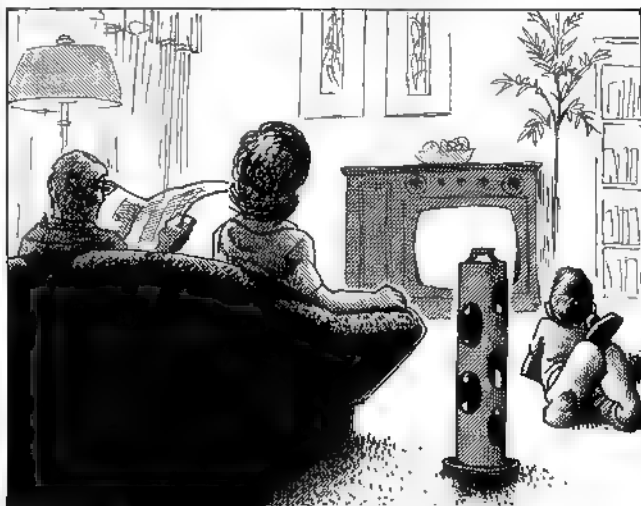
THE END

## PROLOGUE:

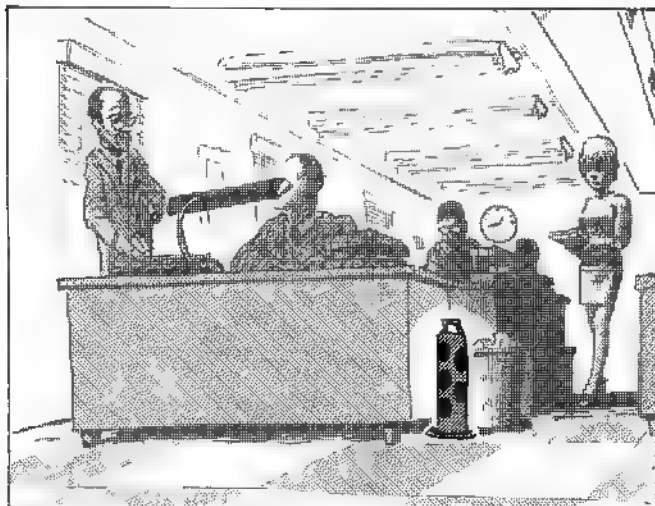
THEY MADE THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE  
ON TELEVISION...



...THEN, STARTED SHOWING UP  
ELSEWHERE... IN HOMES...



...IN OFFICES...



... COMPOSED OF PLASTIC, CARD-  
BOARD AND NERVE GAS... GIVING  
OFF FUMES DEADLY TO CRAWLING  
INSECTS... DANGEROUS FUMES...



AND FINALLY, ONE DAY, IT HAPPENED...



THINK VAMPIRES AND WEREWOLVES ARE THE **END**  
WHEN IT COMES TO MONSTERS...? THEN LET ME  
INTRODUCE YOU TO THE **NEW BREED**...LET  
ME INTRODUCE YOU TO...

# THE PEST!

**CRAWL...** TRY TO ESCAPE FROM THE FUMES... THE FUMES THAT REACH  
OUT FOR YOU WISH TO STRANGLE YOU... **CRAWL...** AND KNOW THAT  
YOU, WHO WERE ONCE THE VICTIMIZER, ARE NOW THE VICTIM...



**SCRATCH AT THE DOOR...** TRY TO  
FORCE YOUR SIX AWKWARD LIMBS  
TO FUNCTION PROPERLY... TRY TO  
GET OUT... BUT AS YOU DO THINK BACK...

... THINK BACK AND REMEMBER THAT  
AN ETERNITY AGO YOU STOOD ON TWO  
LEGS... YOU WERE A HUMAN.





... OR WERE YOU A MAN?  
COULD ANYONE CALL ONE  
SUCH AS YOU A MAN?

IT ISN'T **SAFE!** THE CHEMICALS  
GIVEN OFF BY THIS THING  
COULD BE VERY HARMFUL TO  
**CHILDREN... OLDER PEOPLE**  
... AND ANYONE WHO'S  
**SICKLY!**

THE **FDA**  
MIGHT...

**BAH!**  
FORGET  
THE **FDA!**

I'VE GOT CONTACTS  
IN **ALL** THE GOVERNMENTAL  
AGENCIES! THOSE I  
CAN'T **BRIBE**,  
I CAN **BLACKMAIL!**

WE'LL HAVE **NO**  
TROUBLE **AT ALL**  
GETTING THIS  
BABY ON THE  
MARKET!

I DOUBT THAT WE'LL EVEN  
HAVE TO PUT A **WARNING**  
**LABEL** ON IT!

THEY'LL SELL  
LIKE **HOT-CAKES!**

WELL, PERHAPS NOT EXACTLY LIKE HOT-CAKES... BUT THEY DID SELL WELL...



THEN, ONE DAY...

I WANT TO SEE YOUR  
BOSS! AND I'M GOING TO  
SEE HIM! **RIGHT NOW!**

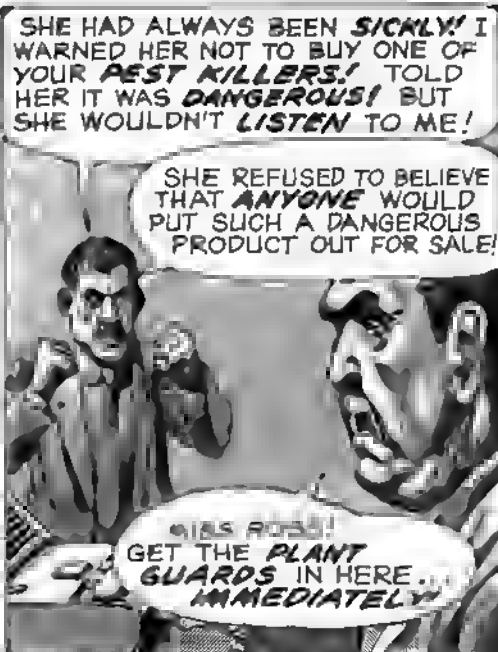
BUT... BUT,  
SIR...





THAT'S RIGHT!  
YOU **KILLED** MY  
WIFE!

WHAT?



SHE HAD ALWAYS BEEN **SICKLY**! I  
WARNED HER NOT TO BUY ONE OF  
YOUR **PEST KILLERS**! TOLD  
HER IT WAS **DANGEROUS**! BUT  
SHE WOULDN'T **LISTEN** TO ME!

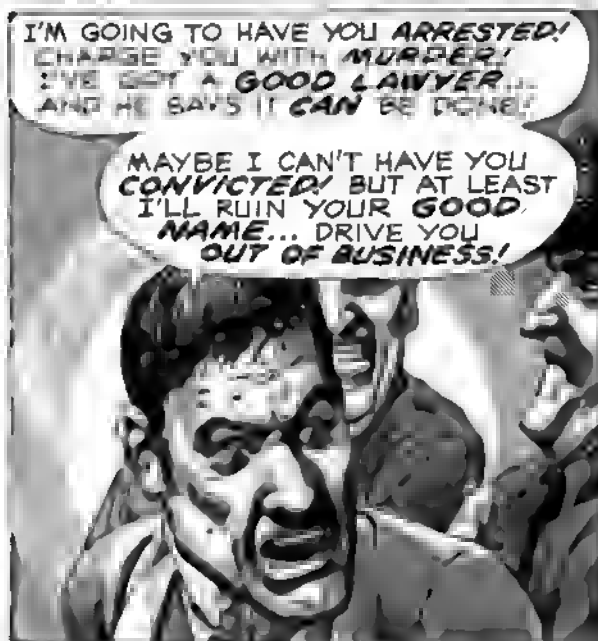
SHE REFUSED TO BELIEVE  
THAT **ANYONE** WOULD  
PUT SUCH A DANGEROUS  
PRODUCT OUT FOR SALE!

MRS. ROSS!  
GET THE **PLANT**  
**GUARDS** IN HERE...  
**IMMEDIATELY**!



GET THIS MADMAN  
**OUT OF HERE**!

YOU WON'T GET  
**AWAY** WITH THIS,  
**MURDERER**!  
YOU'RE GONNA  
**PAY** FOR YOUR  
CRIME!



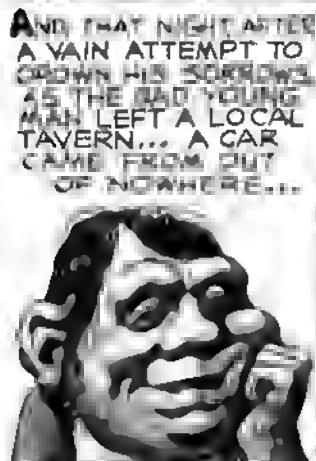
I'M GOING TO HAVE YOU **ARRESTED**!  
CHARGE YOU WITH **MURDER**!  
I'VE GOT A **GOOD LAWYER**...  
AND HE SAYS IT **CAN** BE DONE!

MAYBE I CAN'T HAVE YOU  
**CONVICTED**! BUT AT LEAST  
I'LL RUIN YOUR **GOOD**  
**NAME**... DRIVE YOU  
**OUT OF BUSINESS**!



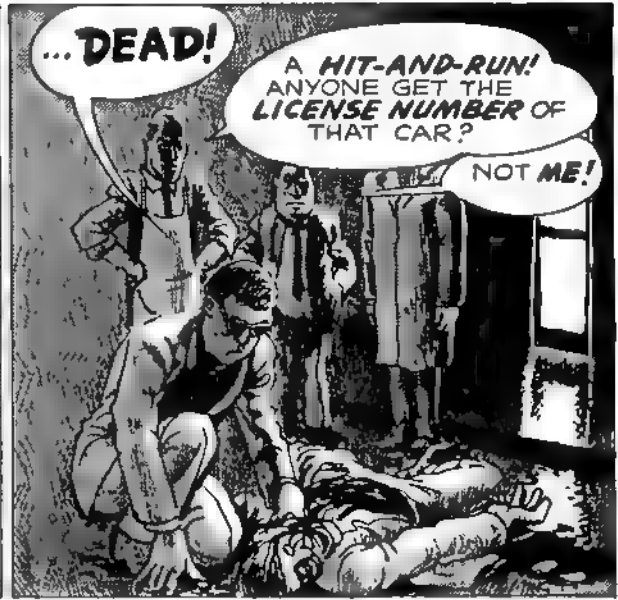
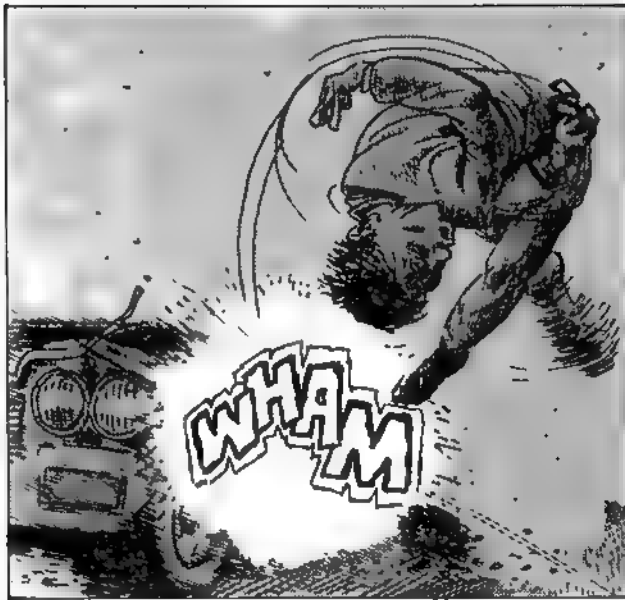
HE **COULD** RUIN ME, THERE IS THAT  
POSSIBILITY! AND RIGHT WHEN  
I'VE FINALLY LATCHED ONTO  
SOMETHING **BIG**!

CAN'T LET HIM  
**GO THROUGH** WITH  
HIS PLAN!



AND THAT NIGHT AFTER  
A VAIN ATTEMPT TO  
CROWN HIS SORROWS...  
AS THE OLD YOUNG  
MAN LEFT A LOCAL  
TAVERN... A CAR  
CAME FROM OUT  
OF NOWHERE...



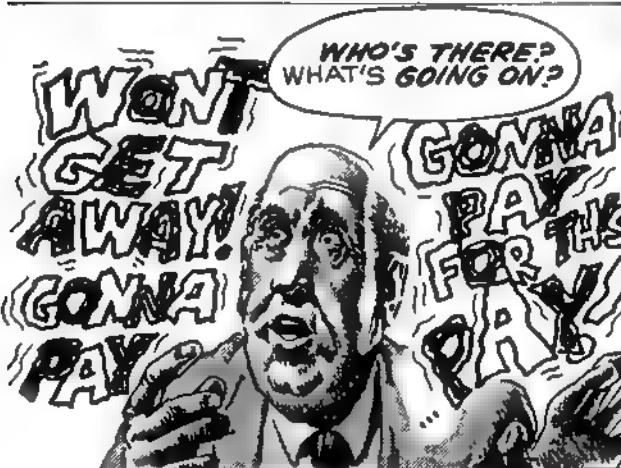


GUILT -- IS THAT WHAT CAUSED IT? WERE YOU FEELING GUILT FOR THE FIRST TIME? GUILT -- IS THAT WHY YOU HEARD THE SOUNDS, THAT NIGHT WHEN YOU WERE ALONE IN YOUR FACTORY?...



AND, EVEN AS YOU SHOUTED, WORDS ECHOED IN YOUR BRAIN... THE WORDS THAT HAD BEEN SPOKEN BY THE YOUNG MAN YOU HAD KILLED...

THEN, YOU HEARD THE FOOTSTEPS, ... SOMEONE RUNNING TOWARD YOU... AND YOU RAN...





NO! GOTTA GET  
HOLD OF MYSELF!

THERE'S *NO*  
*ONE* OUT THERE!



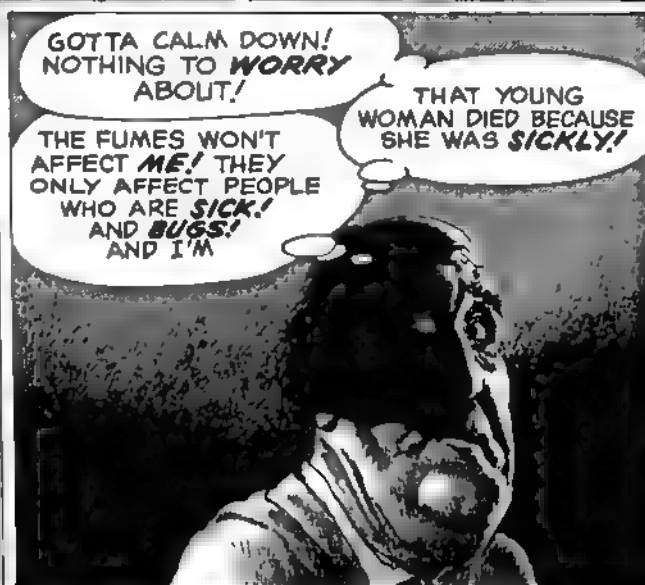
WHA-P PEST-KILLERS!  
ALL OVER THE PLACE!

GOTTA  
GET OUTTA  
HERE!



NO! JAMMED!

BUT I  
CAN'T STAY  
HERE! I... I'VE



GOTTA CALM DOWN!  
NOTHING TO *WORRY*  
ABOUT!

THE FUMES WON'T  
AFFECT *ME*! THEY  
ONLY AFFECT PEOPLE  
WHO ARE *SICK*!  
AND *BUGS*!  
AND I'M

THAT YOUNG  
WOMAN DIED BECAUSE  
SHE WAS *SICKLY*!

BUT THE FUMES DID AFFECT  
YOU, DIDN'T THEY? YOU  
BEGAN TO FEEL DIZZY...  
GROGGY...



THEN, THE DARKNESS  
SET IN...





AND WHEN YOU AWAKE...



AND NOW YOU ARE SCRATCHING AT THE DOOR... TRYING TO MAKE YOUR STRANGE BODY FUNCTION TRYING ESCAPE...



BUT YOU ARE NOT USED TO THIS BODY... YOU STUMBLE... FALL...



AND YOU ARE UNABLE TO RIGHT YOURSELF... UNABLE TO TURN OVER... YOU TRY YOU STRUGGLE...



FOR HOURS AND HOURS LIE THERE... THE FUMES WEAKENING YOU... THEN FINALLY HEAR FOOT- STEPS...



THE DOOR OPENS... A WORK-MAN FROM YOUR FACTORY... HIS FOOT HEADING DOWN TOWARD YOU...





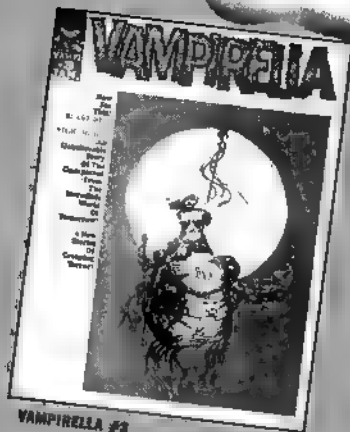
So, you never did turn into a bug. It was all in your mind. Insanity, brought about, perhaps, by the fumes affecting your mind. Or produced, perhaps, by guilt!



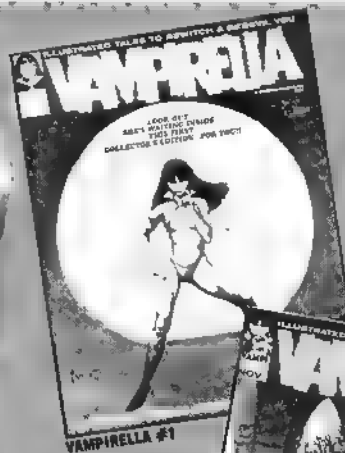
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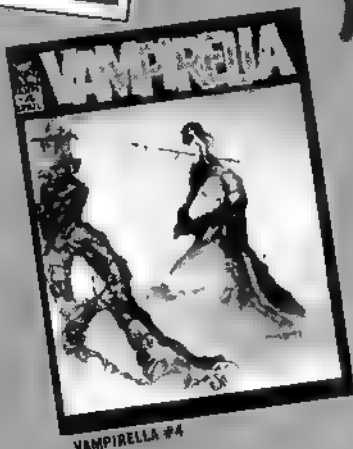
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# EERIE FANT FARE

## NEW STAFF ARTIST: Dave Cockrum

Joining the Warren staff of rising writers and artists, is Dave Cockrum of Bayside, L.I., N.Y. Below, he outlines a brief history of his struggles so far...



I was born at an early age. My father was in the Air Force, which ensured that we never stayed in one place very long. My earliest memories are of comic books and badly-drawn attempts at doing my own. I wouldn't say it's been my life-long ambition to draw comics, because my folks disapproved. My dad used to tell me I could do anything I wanted as long as it was honest and I could earn a living at it. I took this to mean they considered comic drawing a dishonest, poverty-stricken line of work (they were half-right). To emphasize their point they burned my comic book collections every time they got the chance. Padlocks meant nothing.

I majored in art in college, but got bored during my third year and dropped out to try the Navy for a while. During the course of my six year hitch, I met my wife, Andrea, through a letter page in FANTASTIC FOUR #36. We wrote each other for nearly three years and then she came to California where we were married. A year later we had our one son, Ivan, and then went to Guam, (last of the 'tropical paradises' sometimes referred to as the tropical paradise that killed tropical paradises). Actually, we had a great tour of duty there, but it merely strengthened my determination to get out of the Navy and strike for the comics business. Upon the end of my enlistment, I returned to the States, where, thanks to lots of help and goodwill from Neal Adams and trial script from Jim Warren, I seem to be making that first tentative step up the ladder. With all the helpful people I've met in the business, I may just make it.

## THE VAMPIRE

by David Nowicki

In the dark,  
In the park,  
How I fled,  
Like no man,  
Like no man can  
In the moonlight  
Was a man who had lost  
his shadow,  
Now he began to speak:  
"fear not my friend,"  
I knew what he was,  
Soon a stake through  
his heart I must send.  
His fangs,  
How they wanted blood,  
I saw a tree,  
It was going to save me.  
I ripped off a small piece  
of bark,  
The end was sharp enough,  
To use as a stake,  
As it went through,  
I knew not another life  
he would take.  
There was a pile of ashes,  
The one thing I had in mind,  
Was to kill his kind

## WOLF STAR

Jack L. Bannow

Marus Stricer struggled vainly to steady his failing space craft as yet another shower of energy blasts erupted off his starboard engines. The ship quivered momentarily as its over taxed gyro's fought to stabilize, but robbed of their power, they too ceased to function.

Their mission completed, the star ships turned back, leaving their victim plummeting to the planet below.

The stricken craft glowed from the heat of its entry as it carved through the moonlit forest. Twisted and broken it died among its own rubble.

In early morning Marus regained consciousness and rose to his feet. Bewildered,

he could not find the wreckage of his craft anywhere in site. And, too, though his tattered flight suit was stained with blood, Marus was uninjured! (somewhere, hidden in the background, there should be the half eaten carcass of some animal). Dazed, Marus wondered through the dense alien foliage for some time when, suddenly, there came a noise from behind him. (Do not illustrate the noise.) Startled, Marus turned as there appeared, from the dense undergrowth, a young brunette, clad below the waist in an animal pelt with a long black sword strapped to her side.

"You are the one I saw fall from the sky, I welcome you," she smiled "As you belong to no Wrkija, you may come with me... if you so wish," She frowned at Marus's silent puzzlement.

"Were you injured?" she asked.

"Although it doesn't seem possible, No!" She looked at Marus for a moment, then smiled again.

"Your crash last night caused you too much shock. It will pass," she turned to leave, then looked back, "Do you wish to come?" Marus said nothing, but went with her.

Around mid-day it grew hotter, so they stopped to drink at a small pool and rested. Marus's mind was starting to clear.

"I am Marus Stricer, what may I call you?"

"I am called Wophena, of the Twaj Wrkija. My people range through this forest and the valley lands below."

"Then we are going to your people?"

"Yes, as the time of pair-

ing is over and I go to rejoin."

"Pairing? Then you have a husband?"

"Hu-usbband? MATE! At the time of parting, yes, but he was soon after killed, by a Nari... We go now."

Marus was lost deep in thought as he walked beside her. Nari... it seemed that years ago Earth had searched a planet on who's land masses roamed a creature... a creature which had traces of Silver Nitrate in its saliva and was a carnivore. Yes! And then Earth used the planet to exile... to exile... OH MY GOD! And those exiled named the creature NARI!!

While pushing her to the ground, Marus grabbed Wophena's sword and fled. Without losing stride, Marus used the sword to help clear his path of flight, cutting through low branches and vines. Marus ran until he broke through the forest and onto a large rocky plain. Tired and gasping for breath he climbed one of the largest outcroppings of rock and dropped to his stomach. From there Marus had hoped to see some sign of Wophena, but couldn't. The sun was dropping from site it would be dark soon. Exhausted, Marus rested his head on his arm and fell asleep. His last thought being the noise he heard before he saw Wophena, it was that of a soft growl.

Marus woke to the sound of howls and evil snarls that drew closer with each heart beat. Carefully leaping to the ground, Marus looked about him. Wophena was right, it did pass. And in the eerie light of the night's full moon, there could be no question about it. For as Marus now remembered, it was obvious that Marus was too a WERE-WOLF!



Drawing at left was sent in by Mike Roberts of Tulsa, Okla. He hopes to be an illustrator someday and judging from his work, he'll make it.

WE BELIEVE IN GIVING NEW (AND AS YET UNDISCOVERED) TALENT A CHANCE! CONTRIBUTIONS OF ARTWORK, STORIES, POEMS, ETC., ARE INVITED. HOWEVER, A STAMPED SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MATERIAL IF YOU WANT IT RETURNED. OTHERWISE, NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ACCEPTED BY THE PUBLISHER FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIAL.

## FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE

by Harry Feinzig

As I was walking home one night, I happened to be passing by an old, decaying house—a haunted house, if the rumors were worth believing. It was a foreboding structure built in Jigsaw Gothic. All the windows were boarded up.

From the second floor, a cry of terror suddenly pierced the air. I found the door ajar and went inside. I noticed, in the light provided by a nearby kerosene lamp, a metal spiral staircase. I picked up the lamp and climbed up the stairs to the second floor.

The floorboards creaked under my weight as I began to walk down the hallway. A rotting floorboard abruptly gave way. My right leg fell into the hole that it left. My leg, almost up to my knee, was wedged in tightly. I couldn't pull it loose. Even worse, I had dropped the kerosene lamp and its light had gone out.

I started to hear strange footsteps in the distance, coming closer. "Who's there?" I called out. There was no answer.

A chill seized me. I realized now why the footsteps sounded so odd. It was because I knew instinctively that nothing human could make such eerie footsteps.

Steadily closer they came. I started to sweat. My heart speeded up. My hands became clammy. Adrenalin flowed through my veins. I could almost feel a nameless shapeless fear emanating from—what?

Probing the darkness, I groped for the lamp. At last my hands found it. I prayed that it hadn't been damaged.

I struggled frantically to relight the lamp. The unnatural footsteps came nearer and nearer. A pungent odor assailed my nostrils. Whatever was approaching reeked with the stench of decay.

Suddenly an idea occurred to me. Exerting all my strength, I managed to pull a loose floorboard out of the floor. With this as my only weapon, I apprehensively awaited the approach of whatever thing was approaching.

Being ambidexterous, I held the floor board in my left hand and kept trying to re-

light the lamp with my right hand. The footsteps were much louder, nearer. They were almost upon me. The lamp wouldn't light!

With alarming swiftness, a fleshless hand clutched my right wrist. It was a hand devoid of warmth, devoid of mercy, devoid of—life itself!

Just then the lamp lit. I looked up and saw something that had come—from beyond the grave!

Horror froze my limbs. The fiend squeezed my wrist tighter and tighter, like a steel vise. I had to break free, but how?

I remembered then that I still held the wooden floorboard. I swung desperately and shattered the bony hand. My wrist was free.

But the fiend retaliated with a savage kick to my head. I dropped the plank. Pain flooded my head. My attacker reached down. Slowly, carefully, as if savoring the thought of my death, or as if trying to decide whether to do it slowly and painfully, or quickly, before I could fight back.

Fleshless fingers tightened around my neck. My throat was constricted. I strained for breath.

I saw the plank and picked it up. I swung hurriedly and knocked off the choking fingers. I could breathe again.

The fiend kicked my left wrist, once more forcing me to let go of the plank. Having disarmed me, the attacker prepared to kick me again, this time in the face.

As the leg sped toward me, I moved my head to the side. The limb missed by a fraction of an inch. I grabbed it and pulled it forward. The assailant wobbled, toppled, and, with a noise like thunder, shattered.

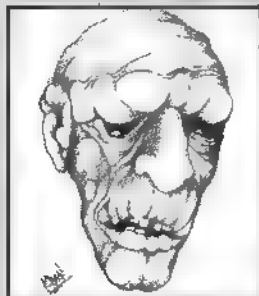
I used the plank to pry my right leg loose. Then, carrying the lamp, I went back down the stairs. Then I left and went home.

More than a week has passed since that terrifying night. And yet, when the hour is late and the light is dark and the silence is heavy, if I listen closely, I can sometimes almost hear the ominous sound of decaying bones creaking on a wooden floor.

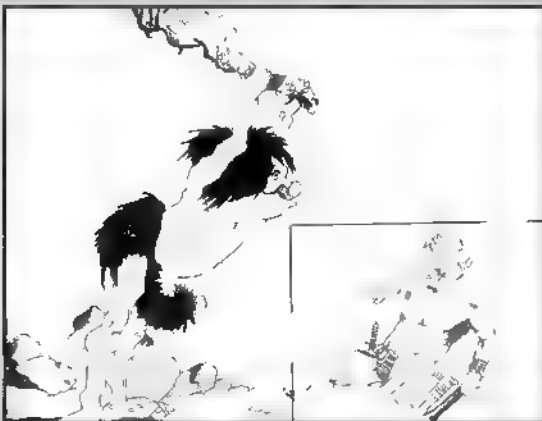
THE END?



The drawing (above left) is an eerie indication of what a guy can expect if he accepts a 'bling date'. It was rendered by R. Goodwin of Vancouver, B.C. Swinging over (above right), sixteen year old Pat Broderick of Tampa, Fla., sent us this fine work of art.



Gerald Colucci of Long Beach, Calif., sent us the menacing face of sorrow (above left) . . . and the eerie face, above right, by Mark Wallace of Hudson, N.Y., had been staring us in the face for months begging to be printed. We finally got around to it.



A little humor is always appreciated when appropriate as indicated in the drawings above. Sketch at left was brought in by Rick Bryant all the way from Santa Cruz, Calif., (a Frazetta fan) . . . and sketch at right (inset) mailed in from Robert Thiverge of Ottawa, Ontario.

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We'd like to print a story or a picture of yours on the FANFARE pages. Why not send us one? Drawings in black ink, stories 100 words or less!

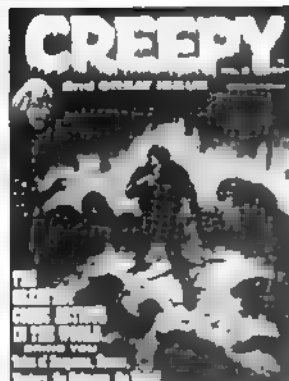
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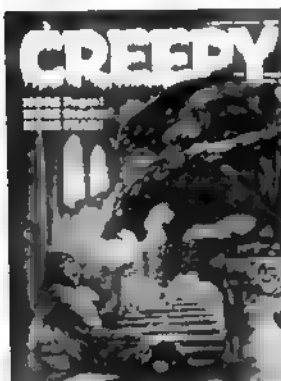
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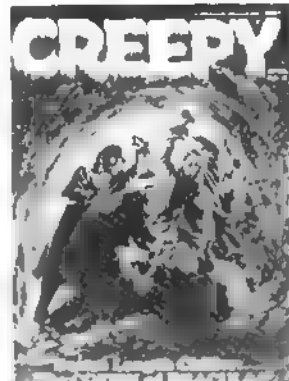
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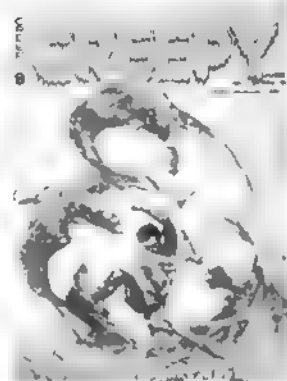
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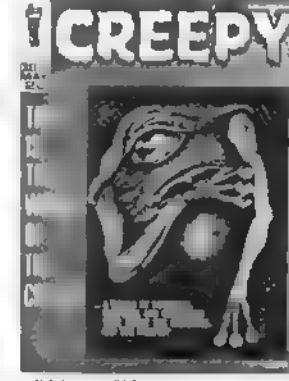
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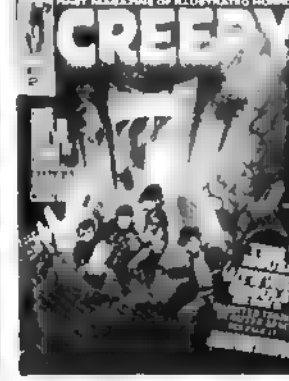
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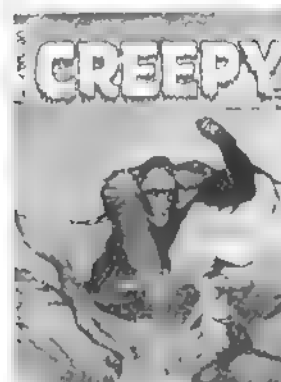
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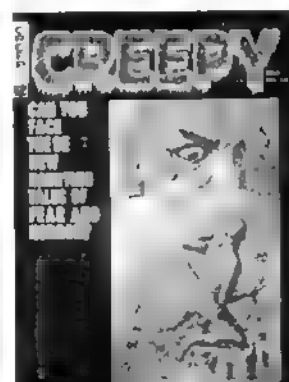
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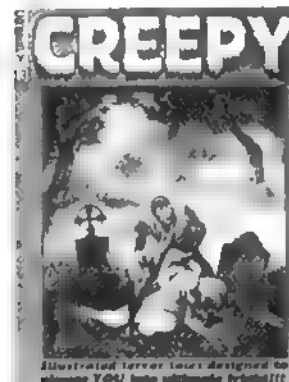
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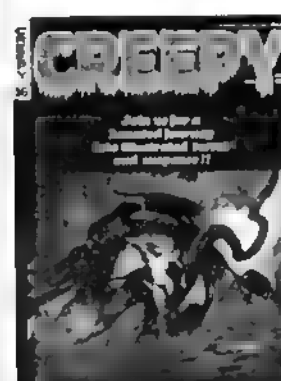
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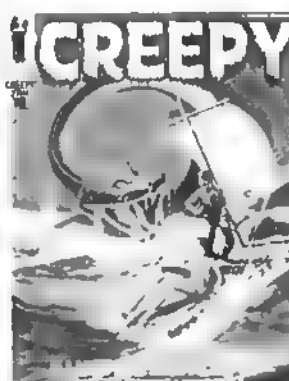
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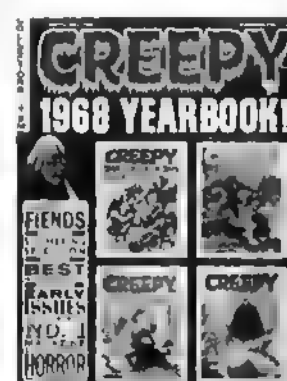
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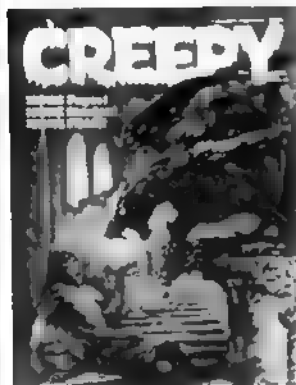
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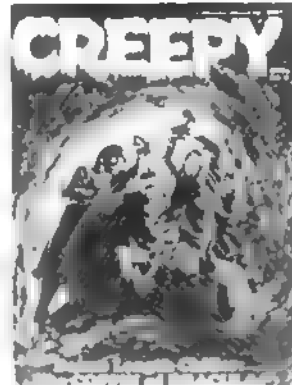
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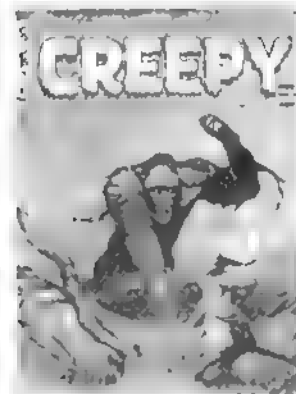
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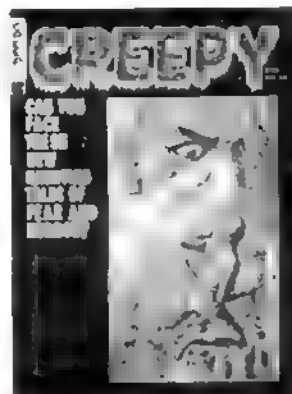
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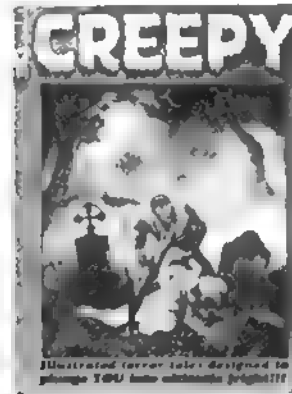
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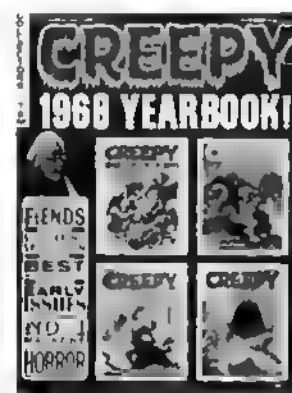
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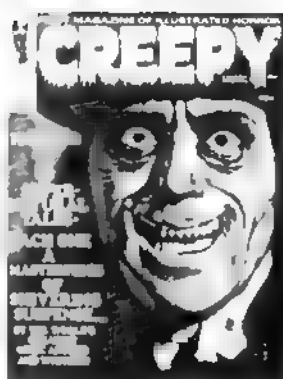
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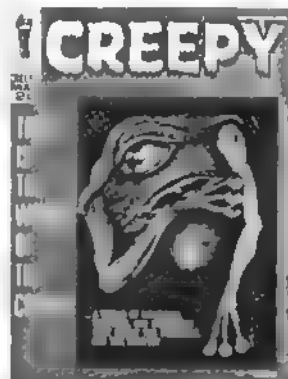
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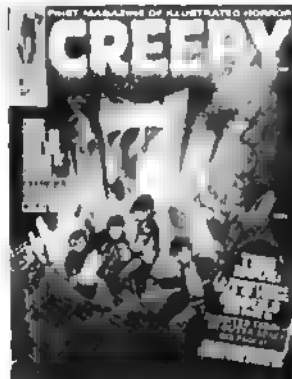
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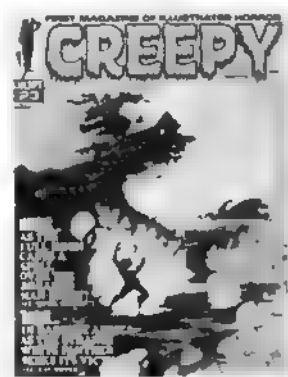
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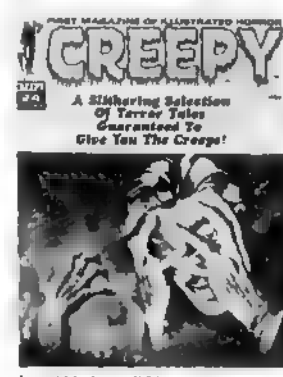
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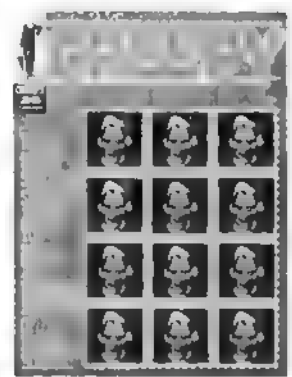
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WE HOPE YOU PICK YOUR GIRL FRIENDS BETTER THAN BARON GOTTFRIED VON ELRODD... BECAUSE WHILE HIS CHICK WAS PRETTY AS A PICTURE, HER FATHER WAS AN ARTIST AND UNDER-TOOK TO DO FOR FREE (EVEN THOUGH HE WAS DEAD)....

# THE PAINTING IN THE TOWER!

IN THE MIDDLE YEARS OF THE LAST CENTURY, IT WAS THE CUSTOM OF BARON GOTTFRIED VON ELRODD TO WALK AMONG THE PEASANTS IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF WHICH HE WAS THE OVERLORD! THOUGH HIS PEOPLE WERE POOR BECAUSE OF THE HIGH TAXES HE IMPOSED, HE OFTEN HELPED HIMSELF TO ANY FOWL OR A PIG, VASE OR RUG THAT - CAUGHT HIS EYE. THERE WERE EVEN TIMES WHEN HE SELECTED AN ESPECIALLY PRETTY GIRL...

THAT BLONDE ONE... WHAT'S HER NAME?

FATHER... NO!

MY LORD BARON-- GRETA IS SO YOUNG! SHE'S BUT A CHILD, MY LORD!

SHE WILL BE AMUSING COMPANY AT CASTLE GRIMOIRE DURING THE LONG WINTER AHEAD!



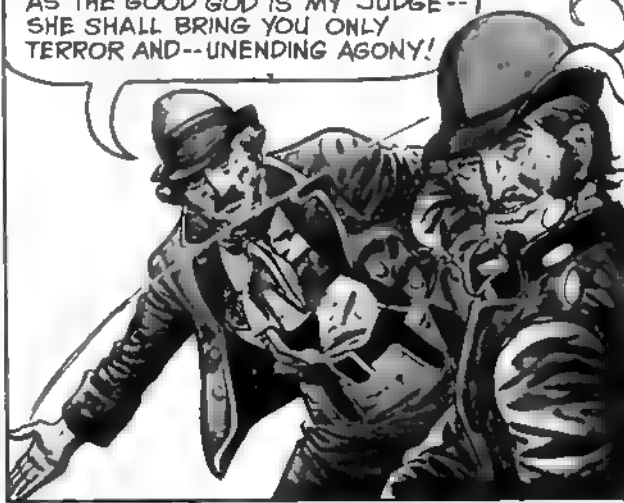
NONSENSE! THE GIRL'S A LITTLE DOLL! SHE'LL SERVE ME WELL!

ELMO! TOSS HER FATHER A BAG OF COINS! WE HAVE TO KEEP THE PEASANTS HAPPY



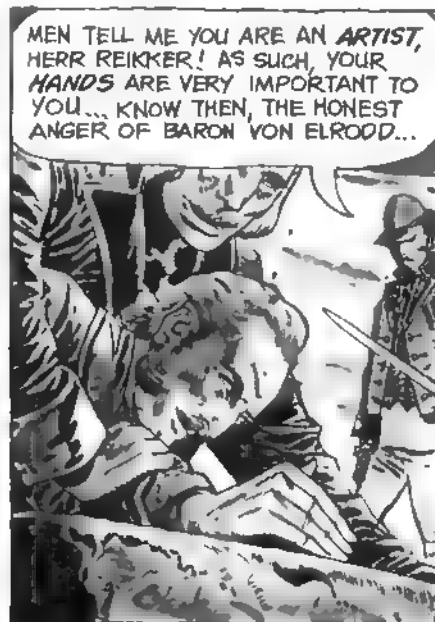
RAGE FLARES LIKE WILDFIRE INSIDE THE MIND AND HEART OF OLD HELMUT REIKKER ....

TAKE BACK YOUR MONEY, BARON! YOU SHALL NEVER HAVE GRETA! AS THE GOOD GOD IS MY JUDGE-- SHE SHALL BRING YOU ONLY TERROR AND--UNENDING AGONY!





FOR A MOMENT THE LORD OF THE  
MANOR STOOD FROZEN.. HIS FACE  
CONTORTED WITH FURY...





WHILE HELMUT REIKKER LAY DYING, THE BARON MADE MERRY AT HIS GREAT OAKEN DINING TABLE...

DRINK, GIRL... DRINK!

MY LORD, I... I AM NOT USED TO WINE, I BEG YOU...



WITH A SOB, GRETA BROKE FREE OF THAT EVIL CLUTCH AND FLED...

LET HER GO! I'LL FIND HER WHEN I WANT HER.

WHERE CAN SHE HIDE IN CASTLE GRIMOIRE?



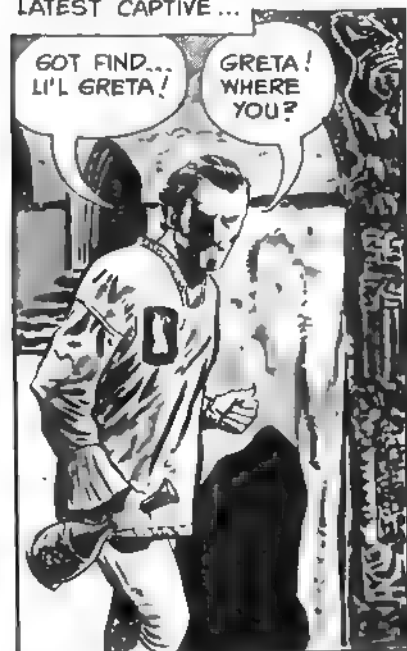
BUT...TOWARD MORNING, AFTER MUCH DRUNKEN REVELRY, WHEN THE BARON WENT TO FIND HIS LATEST CAPTIVE...

... HIS BOOTHEELS THUMPED LOUDLY ON THE WOODEN FLOOR!

OF A SUDDEN, HIS EYES WIDEN— FILL WITH HORROR AND REVULSION...

GOT FIND... LI'L GRETA!

GRETA! WHERE YOU?



YOO HOO... GRETA! NOBODY HIDES FROM ME!



W-WHAT?





HERR  
GOTT!

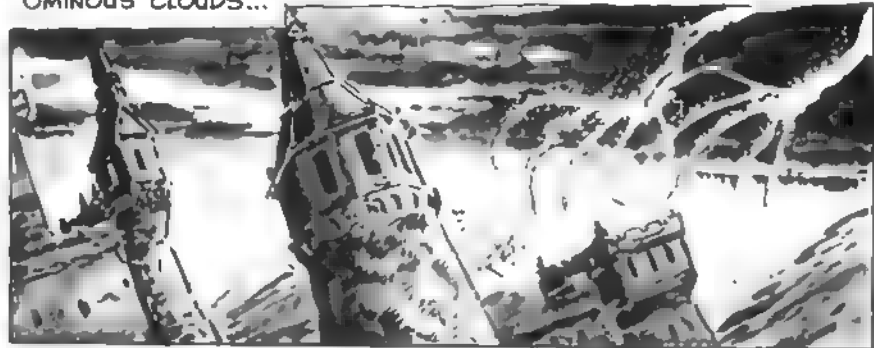
AS THE EARLY MORNING LIGHT CASTS A REDDISH PALE OVER THE STREETS OF THE LITTLE TOWN, SOMEWHAT LATER...



HERR REIKKER  
IS-- DEAD!

BUT HIS HANDS! WHERE  
ARE HIS... **HANDS?**

THUNDER RUMBLED ACROSS THE SKY, AND AN EERIE, NEVER-BEFORE-SEEN BOLT OF LIGHTNING SCRATCHED A PATH ALONG THOSE DARK OMINOUS CLOUDS...



AND IN CASTLE GRIMOIRE ... THE BARON SLEPT WITH MUCH RESTLESS TOSSESS, FOR HIS DREAMS WERE HAUNTED BY...



FATHER.. PLEASE ?  
WHERE ARE YOU?  
I'M SO LONELY...  
SO LONELY...

GASPING, WET WITH THE SWEAT OF AWFUL TERROR, GOTTFRIED VON ELRODD WOKE ..



ACH, HIMMEL!  
**NO... NO... NO!**

LATER THAT SAME DAY, AS A GREY SADNESS LAY UPON THE WORLD AND THE HEAVENS SEEMED TO WEEP GENTLE RAINS...



BURY HER DEEP! DIG DEEPER, I SAY.. DEEPER!  
GO DOWN TEN FEET.. THEN TOSS HER IN!

AND YET...

WHEN THE LONG BLACK WINTER NIGHTS THREW THEIR EBON AIR ACROSS THE WORLD, A HAND CLAWED UPWARD FROM THE GRAVE...



... AND THEN, GRETA... DEAD, DECAYING GRETA WHO WAS SO PRETTY IN LIFE.. BEGAN TO WALK ALONG THE CASTLE HALLS...

FOLLOWING THAT WALKING CORPSE.. HEART HAMMERING IN FEARSOME HORROR, TERROR-SWEAT MOIST ON HIS FACE.. CAME THE BARON...

SHE'S COME BACK FROM THE GRAVE... BACK FROM THE GRAVE...

BUT.. WHY? **WHY???** I'LL NEVER BE **FREE** OF HER UNTIL I KNOW **WHY!**

UNTIL THE GRAVEYARD SPECTER'S HAUNTED WALK ENDED AT A RARELY OPENED DOOR LEADING INTO A DUSTY TOWER ROOM...

NOBODY EVER GOES IN THAT ROOM.. WHY IS SHE BRINGING ME HERE?



A ROTTING HAND PUSHED. THERE WAS THE CREAK OF RUSTY HINGES..



AND THEN.. BARON GOTTFRIED VON ELRODD SCREAMED AND SCREAMED, FOR THE DOOR WAS OPEN AND HE COULD SEE WHAT WAS WITHIN THAT LONG-ABANDONED ROOM....



**B**LOODY HANDS HUNG IN THE AIR,  
IN THE CLUTCH OF ONE A BRUSH  
THAT PAINTED AND PAINTED...



AS THE TERRIFIED BARON  
STARED, HE SAW THOSE HANDS  
PAINT SOMETHING ELSE ON  
THAT AWFUL CANVAS!...



MY **FACE!** HE'S  
PUTTING **MY FACE**  
THERE!

AND HE'S GOING TO PAINT  
MY **BODY** ON HIS CANVAS!

TO HIS ROOM HE RAN, AND WHEN HE  
HAD BOLTED THE DOOR, HE RACED  
FOR HIS SWORD. BUT THERE WAS A  
MIRROR ON THE WALL...



I'LL CUT THOSE HANDS  
TO GIBBETS! A PRIEST  
WILL **EXORCISE** THE  
REMAINS!

ON THAT CANVAS  
THE BARON SAW...

A MEDIEVAL  
TORTURE DUNGEON!



**G**OTTFRIED VON ELRODD FLED SCREAMING THROUGH HIS  
CASTLE HALLS, AND ON ALL SIDES, MEN AND WOMEN SHRANK  
AWAY FROM HIM IN MORTAL FEAR...



FOOLS! WHAT ARE YOU  
STARING AT? GET BACK  
TO YOUR DUTIES!

SOMEBODY FETCH THE  
VILLAGE PRIEST! HURRY!

I'LL BE FREE OF THOSE  
HELLISH SPECTERS! THEY  
WON'T PAINT ME INTO  
THAT PICTURE! I'LL BE...

...THE **MIRROR!**  
GODS! THE  
**MIRROR!**







MY **FACE** IS GONE!  
THOSE HANDS PAINTED  
MY FACE... INTO THAT  
**PICTURE!**



AND NOW.. MY HEAD! MY  
ENTIRE HEAD IS **VANISH-  
ING** AND -- THE **PAIN!**  
**UNGGHHHHH!**  
**THE PAIN!**

A LEG WENT NEXT, AND THEN AN ARM  
..THE BARON'S ENTIRE FORM GRADU-  
ALLY DISAPPEARED, OBLITERATED  
STROKE BY STROKE OF SOME GREAT  
UNSEEN FORCE...



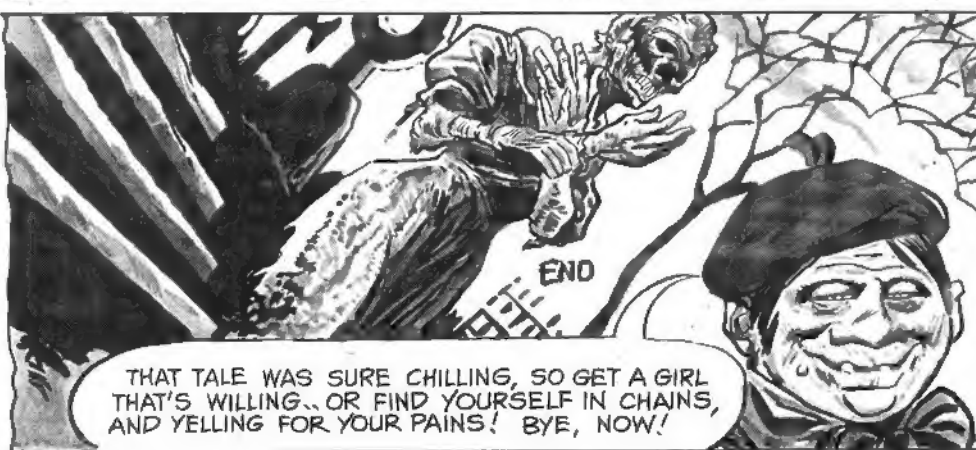
THE PAIN...  
THE PAIN...



UNTIL ALL THAT  
REMAINED OF THE  
BARON GOTTFRIED  
VON ELRODD WAS  
CAPTURED ON A  
PIECE OF CANYAS  
IN GLOWING, LIVING  
COLOR...



TODAY, SOME MEN  
CLAIM (THOUGH ALL  
FEAR TO GO NEAR  
IT) THAT SCREAMS  
CAN BE HEARD TO  
COME FROM THAT  
TOWER ROOM! IT IS  
ALSO WHISPERED  
ABOUT THAT THE BODY  
IN THE PICTURE  
STILL **MOVES--**  
AND **URNS--** AS  
THE RACK TORTURES  
ETERNALLY LIVING  
FLESH... AND WILL DO  
SO FOR ALL ETERNITY!



THAT TALE WAS SURE CHILLING, SO GET A GIRL  
THAT'S WILLING... OR FIND YOURSELF IN CHAINS,  
AND YELLING FOR YOUR PAINS! BYE, NOW!





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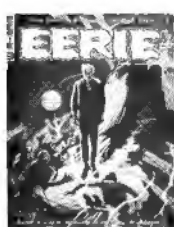
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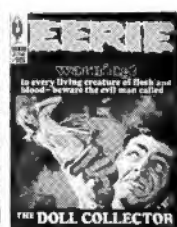
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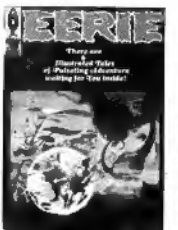
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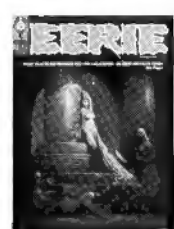
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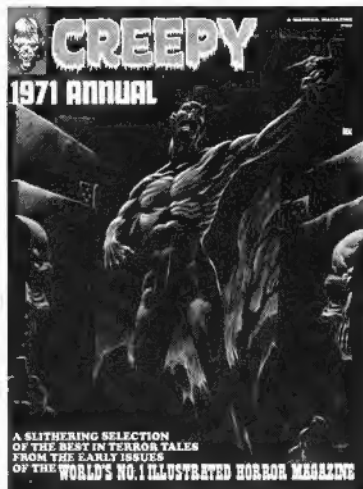
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